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Wm. F. Buckley Jr. on
the UN's First Lady
—See page 62

JANUARY 27, 1984

NATIONAL REVIEW

Arch Puddington reflects on
U.S. business and U.S. labor and the
anti-Communist struggle.



Thomas Molnar remarks the French
ops' stand on nuclear deterrence.
'you gonna keep 'em down on
arm, now that they've seen Paree?



J. Tate, looking back on the
horners' manifesto, 'I'll Take My
Stand,' asks, What do we seek
to conserve?

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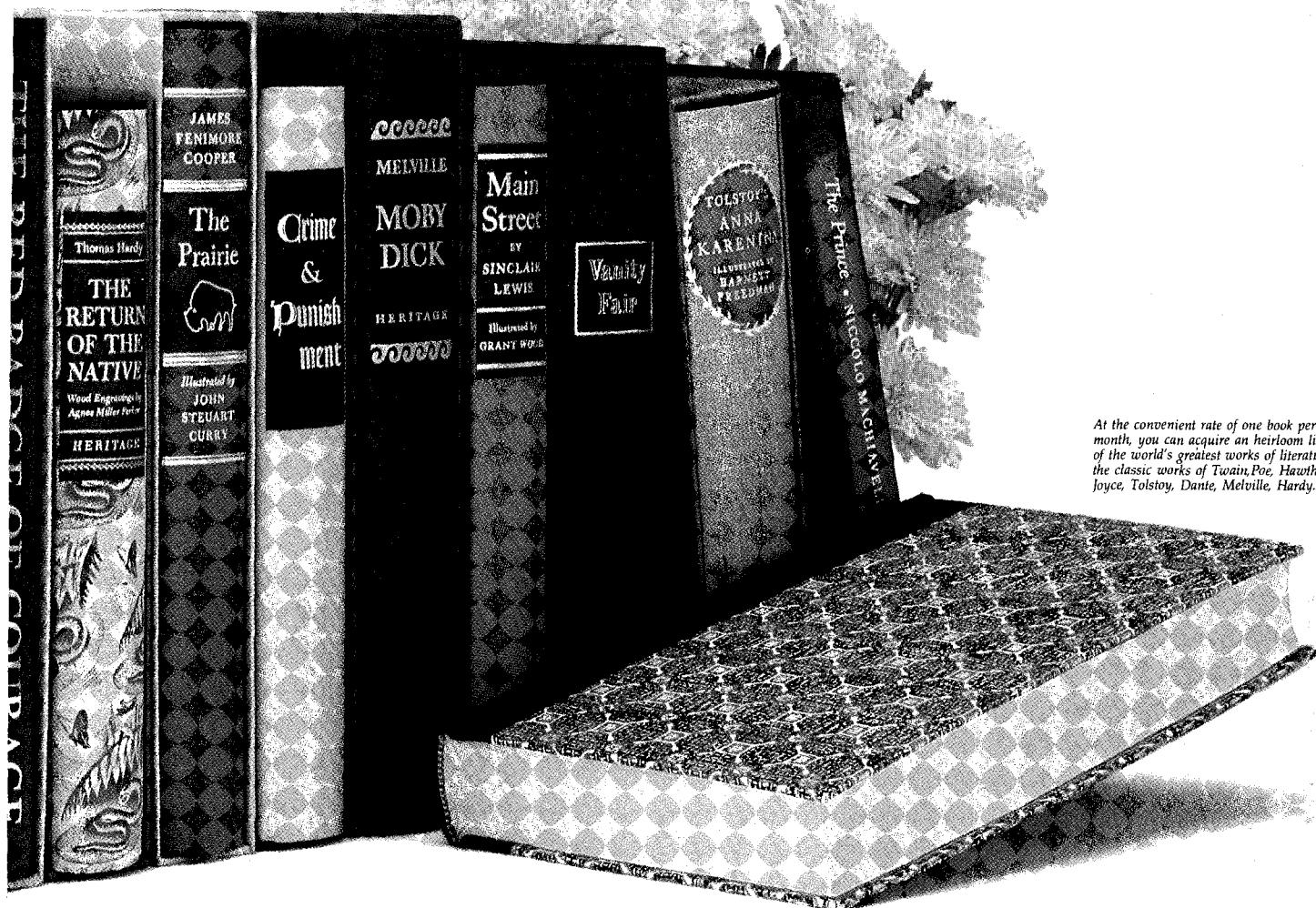


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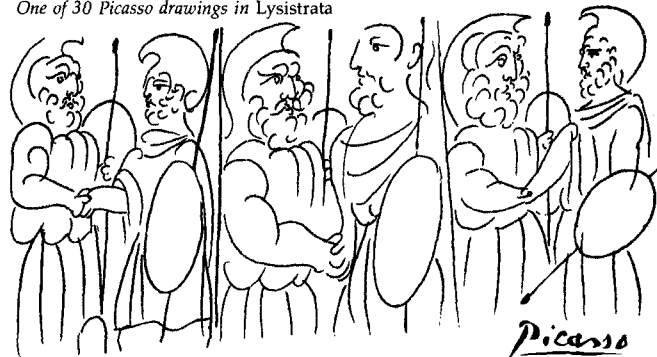
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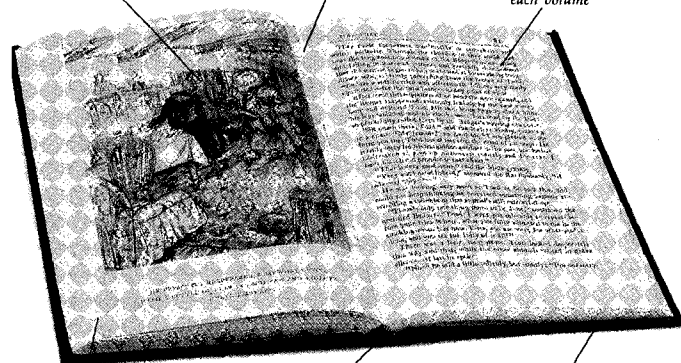
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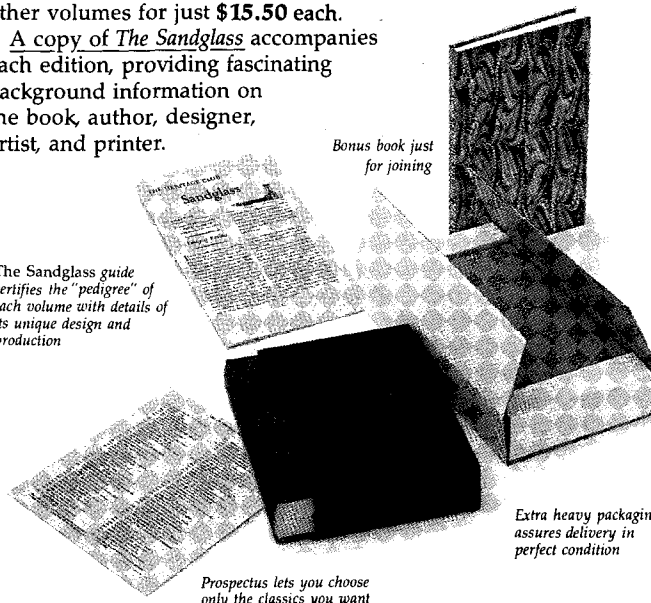
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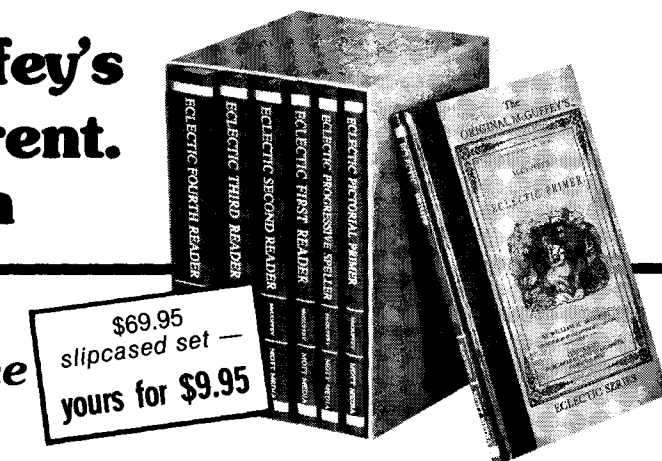
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LETTERS

Christmas Gifts

Thanks for the Christmas articles, especially for the fun of the traditional Heath piece, "It Says Here . . ." [Dec. 23]. I thought it balanced nicely the piece by Francis Russell on the Pine Street Inn ["A Skid-Row Christmas"]. The magazine showed two sides of Christmas—a time for family celebration and for sacrificial giving. Mr. Russell's article illustrated especially well how private charities with their personal care are more effective than massive government programs, and how real compassion differs from liberal cliché.

Curtis Green

Washington, D.C.

Agent Arbenz

In his "Grenadian Lessons" [Dec. 9], Brian Crozier writes that former Guatemalan President Jacobo Arbenz Guzmán "was not, as far as I am aware, a Communist, but he turned to the Communists for support." A defector from the Cuban DGI—the Spanish-language branch of the KGB—once had access to secret files which convinced him that Arbenz was a Soviet agent working for the KGB. The defector, Andrés Alfaya Torrado, was a DGI agent for almost two decades and worked as an undercover operative in a dozen countries.

Arnaud de Borchgrave

Washington, D.C.

What Happened to Baby Jane?

"Baby Jane and the *New York Times*," in *NR*'s usually penetrating "The Week" [Nov. 25], was disappointing. Frankly, the only sad thing about federal involvement in Baby Jane's case is that it is necessary. And the only reason it is necessary is the adamant refusal of the University Hospital in Stony Brook to open medical records that could establish the contention that discrimination against the infant, based on the prognosis—not certainty—of a particular degree of handicap, is indeed not occurring. The hospital's demurrer is salient: It is the *first* institution to refuse to comply with a Department of Health and Human Services request for records in a case involving a complaint under Section 504 of the Rehabilitation Act of 1973.

The opinion that performing surgery today amounts to "heroic therapy" is not universally accepted—even within Baby Jane's tiny world. The physician who delivered her and recommended surgery did not accept it. The complainant to HHS did not accept it. The New York court of in-

stant jurisdiction did not accept it. Groups representing former spina-bifida patients do not accept it.

Neglect, abandonment, even starvation, of defective infants is a familiar ruin on the modern landscape, a retreat into barbarism. God forbid that it should be considered "heroic" even to inquire how much can be done for Baby Jane Doe. "Idol" she is not; but "made in the image and likeness of God" she most surely is.

Margaret E. Donovan

Arlington, Va.

Concerning Baby Jane Doe, you state that with surgery she could be expected to "live pitifully incapable into her twenties: crippled, severely retarded, bedridden, without the use of her hands [children with spina bifida are usually paralyzed in their legs but can usually use their hands quite well], unable to control bladder and bowels." There is absolutely no proof that all of this will occur. It is difficult to predict what her future might be, especially since we do not have the information that is being withheld by the hospital.

Meanwhile, consider the 1984 March of Dimes poster child, Helen Humphrey. Born with spina bifida and hydrocephalus, she is now an active five-year-old whose smile vindicates the hope her parents and her physicians offered her.

Paul R. Bruch, MD

Southbury Training School

(for retarded children)

Southbury, Conn.

Swords Where?

Holy Halls of Montezuma! In your "Swords in Lebanon" piece ["The Week," Dec. 9] you have placed Tripoli in the wrong country. It is Tripoli, Lebanon, not Libya.

Duane Russell

Arlington, Va.

Lutherans and the Left

In the two decades that I have read and profited from *NR*, I have scarcely seen such a mish-mash as your editorial "Luther at 500; America at 207" [Nov. 11]. You have, most notably, confused the American Lutheran Church with all of Lutheranism in the United States. But the ALC is only the nation's third largest Lutheran grouping. While the ALC may have suffered a 7.6 per cent membership decline, Lutheranism as a whole went from 8.87 to 8.51 million members in the Seventies—a decline of about 4 per cent.

Further, your editorial suggests that Lutheranism in the U.S. is situated to the left of center on both the political and the theological spectra. But such is clearly not the case. All political points of view are well represented within Lutheranism, and the 2.7-million-member Missouri Synod and the 0.4-million-member Wisconsin Synod would certainly pass any *NR* litmus test for "conservatism," as would most of the smaller bodies.

Theologically, your implication that the "God is dead" movement ever got a foothold in Lutheranism is irresponsible. There are differences of opinion, of course. Some could even be charted on a left-right spectrum. But as one who has studied in and worked around Lutheran seminaries for the past 13 years, I can report with some confidence that no Lutheran theologian advocated the "God is dead" nonsense. Even with some differences among us, Lutherans take pains to demonstrate that ours is a "confessional," i.e., doctrinal, church.

I also take exception to your characterization of Lutheranism as representative of a "mainline Protestant denomination." The mainline groupings trace their theological roots to Calvinism and, to a lesser degree, to Arminianism. While we are clearly in the realm of opinion here, my view is that Lutheranism belongs midway between mainline Protestantism and Catholicism, because (if for no other reason) of the Lutheran emphasis on Sacrament and liturgy.

Richard E. Mueller
Managing Editor
Lutheran Perspective
St. Louis, Mo.

I had always heard that John Witherspoon was the only clergyman to sign the Declaration of Independence. I am curious to know who the others were.

David A. Gray
Little Silver, N.J.

Hostile Harvard

It was refreshing to see reported, in your October 28 issue, how shabbily Jerry Falwell was treated when he tried to speak at our school, Harvard. An even more serious incident occurred on November 17, when Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, a Harvard graduate, tried to speak at his alma mater. I emphasize the word "tried." Red dye, water balloons, and vulgarities were hurled at the Secretary by the Cambridge elite. Under such hostile circumstances, one would expect the speech to be canceled, but this was not the case. Ignoring a group of students who attempted to rush the podium, Weinberger kept his cool and finished his speech. Although those of us students who wanted to hear the Secretary's speech were prevented from doing so, we were treated to a rare display of mindless animalistic behavior not

witnessed generally, I'm sure, outside of zoological laboratories.

Robert H. Prior
Somerville, Mass.

Straighter Realities

Terry Teachout's essay "Gay Rights and Straight Realities" [Nov. 11] suffered from its acceptance of the key contentions of the gay movement: that some 13 per cent of Americans are gay and that the number has not increased in recent years. The 13 per cent figure is based on a sample dominated by male prisoners and, as Kinsey researchers have since acknowledged, is useless as a national estimate. No one has presented convincing evidence that the actual number, outside centers like New York and San Francisco, is anywhere near so high. However, it is clearly growing rapidly. The denial of this fact reflects the refusal of liberal America to recognize the costs of sexual permissiveness.

The idea that homosexuality has not increased in recent years is central to the related claim that it is a fixed condition like race. The fact is, however, that by every available measure—gay-bar and -bath patronage, subscriptions to homosexual publications, and sales of homosexual pornography (which is riveting and seductive stuff vital to proselytization)—the number of homosexuals has been rising dramati-

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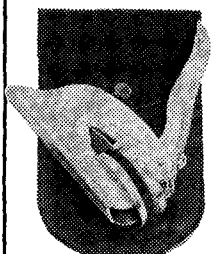
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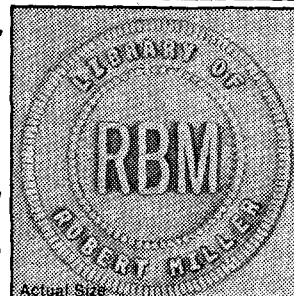


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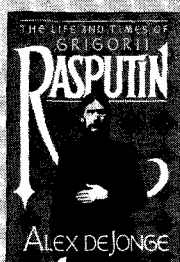
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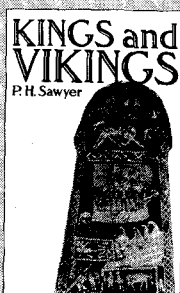
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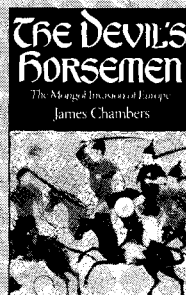
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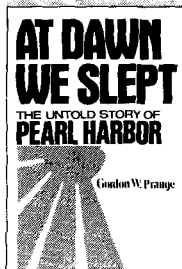


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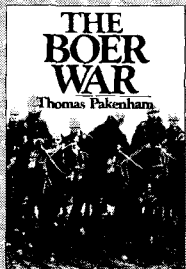
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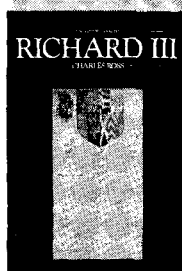
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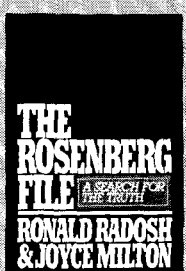
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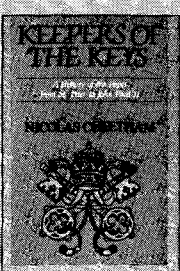
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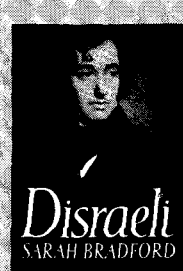
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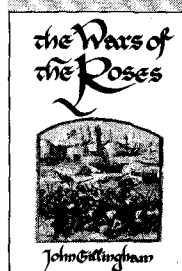
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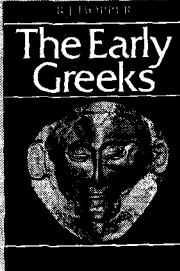
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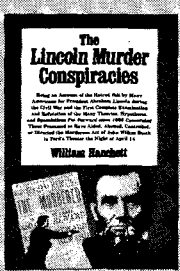
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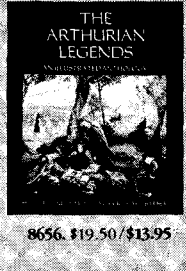
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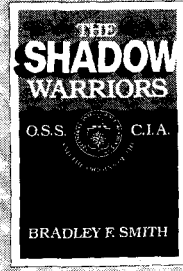
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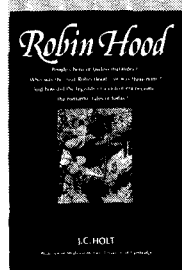
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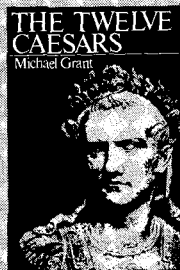
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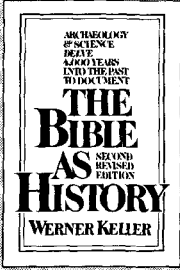
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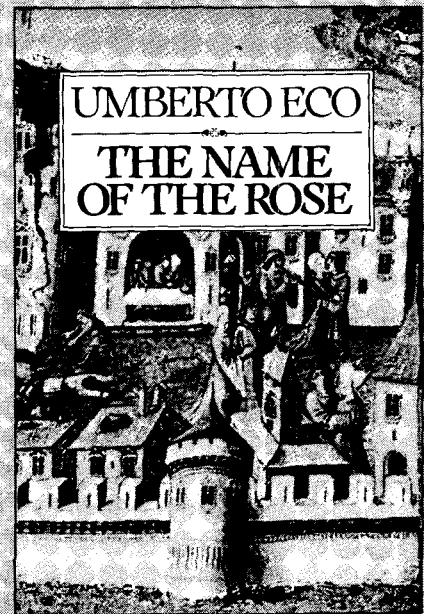
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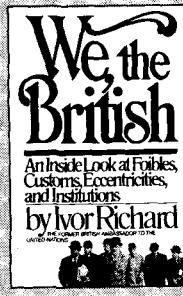
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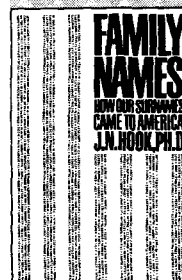
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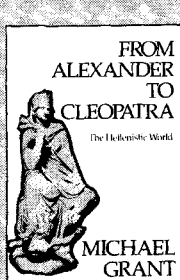
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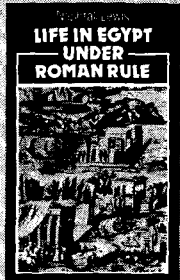
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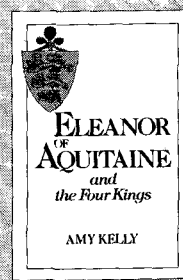
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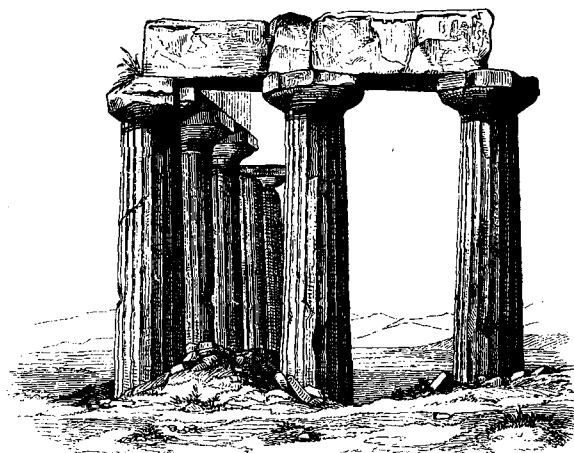
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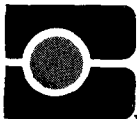
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ly. Homosexual propaganda and pornography have consequences; in interplay with other permissive trends in society they increase homosexuality.

Homosexuality is indeed an alternative lifestyle that anyone can choose. In that regard, it resembles drug addiction far more than race, gender, physical handicaps, and other conditions beyond one's control. Homosexuality is widely believed to be congenital chiefly because gays who have slipped into this choice desperately wish to believe that they had no alternative. They cite gender confusions and anxieties common to most adolescent boys as evidence of early childhood fixation.

If the culture encourages it, homosexuality spreads, as existing homosexuals proselytize among young boys, who are preferred as partners. The movement tends to focus on schools and colleges, which in recent years have been outrageously cooperative. For adolescents with insecure sexual identities, this liberal attitude can lead to a permanent and crippling addiction.

George Gilder
Tyringham, Mass.

Along with the evident majority in our society, Mr. Teachout is unfortunately unaware that the Kinsey data do not describe the U.S. population—in 1938, 1948, or today. In a three-hundred-page volume published by the American Statistical Association, Kinsey sampling techniques, interviewing techniques, data handling, and interpretation of data are each seen to be crucially flawed.

Specifically, as to the presumption of six million U.S. homosexuals, the figure was calculated using data from a sample that did not at all match the males in this nation: e.g., 80 per cent of the incidents of homosexual behavior reported were from members of a very small sub-group in Kinsey's main sample. And 78 per cent of Kinsey's main sample were single. This is like predicting the swimming behavior of all birds by studying a group of ducks!

Marvin M. Brown, PhD
Tacoma, Wash.

Terry Teachout mistakenly suggests that homosexuals faced less harassment before the gay-rights movement came into existence. Gays have been persecuted for many years by society and have absolutely nothing to lose by organizing and demanding full equality.

The doctrine of community standards proposed by Mr. Teachout might have some merit if the vast majority of gays lived in New York and San Francisco, but they are as apt to reside in places like Peoria or Oklahoma City. Both gays and society would be healthier if homosexuality were integrated into the mainstream of American culture rather than forced into an artificial ghettoization in a few urban areas.

Very few gays wish to flaunt their lifestyle; however, in a society that oftentimes does not respect personal privacy, they have become weary of living a life of bearing false witness about their true identity. Not long ago, a prominent conservative leader announced his homosexual orientation because he was sick of living a double life that involved lies, hypocritical actions, and blackmail attempts.

It is hard to argue that homosexuality is outside of the Judaeo-Christian tradition when contemporary clergymen cannot reach a consensus on this matter. Conservatives risk appearing to be rather unreasonable when they condone discrimination against those with a condition that now appears to be rooted in genetics or environmental influences in early childhood.

Clinton B. Hatcher
Lutz, Fla.

Taiwan Perspective

I have just read Ralph de Toledano's "Miracle on Taiwan" [Aug. 19] and "Not Real, Not Politic" [Sept. 30], and I dissent.

To preclude false assumptions, let me state that I a) love Taiwan, b) have lived there more than once, and c) think it is admirably well governed.

However, Taiwan's accomplishments are owing largely, though not wholly, to persons Mr. Toledano failed to commend—those Chinese who resided on Taiwan before 1949, and their Japanese colonial overlords.

Taiwan was, in 1895, a backward province in an undeveloped country. The Japanese, in the period between 1895 and, let us say, 1940, oversaw the modernization of the island. Bridges were built, roads hewn through adverse terrain, hospitals constructed, electricity distributed, schools opened, and public health improved. It was, by 1940, a rather nice place. World War II then ravaged most of the rest of Asia considerably more than it did Taiwan, and by 1945 the quality of life there was probably the best in the region. This is the foundation upon which the Nationalists built, and the *diplomatic* reverses the country has suffered since 1949 have had little discernible effect on its economic and social progress.

It is in the context of this now 34-year-old trend toward diplomatic isolation that the long-anticipated severance of relations with the U.S. must be viewed—thirty years was, after all, a rather long time to continue to recognize a "rump" government. In analyzing the ethical overtones of the Nixon and Carter actions, one must recall that the Republic of China had always insisted that it was the sole government of *all* China, and that it would (and it did) sever diplomatic relations itself with any nation that established normal relations with the People's Republic of China. While I've never counted, it is reasonable to assume

that the government of the Republic of China has severed relations with more nations than any other government in history. The Carter bozos did the deed in a way that was demeaning to all concerned, but Taiwan had seven years' notice.

Douglas V. Ellice Jr.
Bandar Seri Begawan, Brunei

Welcome Words

Over the years, readers of *NR* have seen many favorable references to, and enjoyed numerous reviews of books by and about, C. S. Lewis. His enduring appeal and his stature as scholar, fiction-writer, and pellucid expositor of Christianity make unnecessary any effort to increase his popularity. But I am glad that you saw fit ["The Week," Nov. 25] to call special attention to the twentieth anniversary of his passing.

There is much clamor "within the orbit of the moon." Far above, though, resplendent as starlight and as welcome, are words from Lewis such as these: "There are no ordinary people. You have never talked to a mere mortal. . . . Next to the Blessed Sacrament itself, your neighbor is the holiest object presented to your senses."

If learning really is recollection, then this occasion affords us an opportunity to know, again, this great writer and his work.

James Como
The New York C. S. Lewis Society
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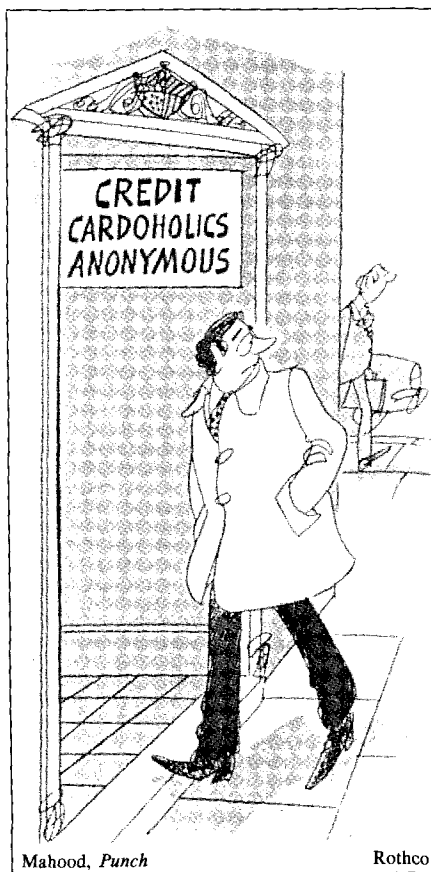
JANUARY 27, 1984 / NATIONAL REVIEW 11

FOR THE RECORD

Will **Jesse Jackson** benefit in concrete political terms from release of Navy Lt. **Robert Goodman Jr.**? Some say yes, some say no. **Joe Reed**, chairman of black Alabama Democratic Conference (which has already endorsed a **Mondale-Jackson** ticket), believes Jackson "is no more electable than he was last month." Jackson, Reed says, lacks both an organization and the image of someone who can defeat Reagan. . . . **Alan Cranston's** campaign manager, **Sergio Bendixen**, sees Jackson's coup as a plus for everyone but Mondale, according to *Washington Post*. "Anything that strengthens Jackson's campaign weakens Mondale's," Bendixen says. "Anything that weakens Mondale helps the rest of us in the second tier." . . . Democratic polls, worried all along that Jackson was a loose cannon, are even more worried by some of his supporters, such as the Rev. **John Nettles**, who announced last week that blacks who support Mondale are putting "another bullet in the body of **Martin Luther King**." . . . Not that the other Democratic candidates aren't playing tough ball. Says **Fritz Hollings** of **John Glenn**: "Glenn must still think he's in space. He's orbiting the issues faster than he orbited earth." Or Hollings again, on what happened to the Democrats in 1980. "All of a sudden some stumblebumps come from the national level and just bury the whole ticket. I mean **Carter** and Mondale just buried us." . . . On the gay front, Mondale, Jackson, Cranston, and Hollings pass muster but John Glenn and **Gary Hart** (who refuses to support a national gay-rights bill) do not. Says **Allen Roskoff**, New York State ADA chairman: "We have to do everything we can to keep Glenn out." They're now calling it Glenn's gay gap.

Sobering analysis for **Ronald Reagan** from three GOP pollsters, **Lance Tor-**

rance, Arthur Finkelstein, Bob Teeter, according to *Wall Street Journal*: They feel the strong economy may not offset foreign-policy problems because people 1) are not convinced inflation is licked; 2) worry over the staying power of the recovery; 3) are scared of the deficit; and 4) are concerned over the "fairness" issue. . . . On the other hand, **Everett Carlil Ladd** of Roper Center sees a good future for Republican Party and the end of the **Roosevelt** era. Ladd points to voting preferences: People in their seventies (i.e., those whose attitudes were formed before the Depression) are evenly split between Democrats and Republicans, as are those in their twenties—born well after the Depression. Those who came of age or were children during the Depression tend to vote 2 to 1 Democratic. . . . This jibes with re-



cent **Gallup** poll of college students showing students in the Eighties every bit as conservative as students in the Fifties.

Looking toward Nov. 6: Early in 1983, gleeful Democrats believed 12 of 19 GOP senators up for re-election in '84 were vulnerable. Now, according to year-end *Christian Science Monitor* report, only four GOP seats are regarded as "very vulnerable": the seats to be vacated by Sen. **John Tower** in Texas and Sen. **Howard Baker** in Tenn., plus **Roger Jepsen's** in Iowa and **Jesse Helms's** in N.C. And even those prospects are not altogether bleak. Sen. **Richard Lugar's** monthly polls on Senate races show Rep. **Phil Gramm**, who leads in Texas GOP senatorial primary, "running very competitively against anyone on the other side." . . . In N.C. and Iowa, both Helms's and Jepsen's ratings have been going up in recent months. But forget Tenn. if Democratic Rep. **Albert Gore Jr.** announces for Baker's seat. . . . On the other hand, there are new problems in Maine, where Gov. **Joseph Brennan** now shows every indication of running against moderate Republican Sen. **Bill Cohen**, and in Miss., where Gov. **William Winter** has entered race against GOP freshman Sen. **Thad Cochran**. . . . In N.J., **Robert Morris**, one-time chief counsel of Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, has announced against Democratic Sen. **Bill Bradley**. . . . And an interesting House race in Calif.: **Eldridge Cleaver**, running as conservative independent against Rep. **Ron Dellums**, far-left Democrat.

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Bumper Sticker of the Year Award to Prof. **Marvin Alisky**, Arizona State University. "REAGAN YES! MEDIA NO!" They're going like hotcakes. □

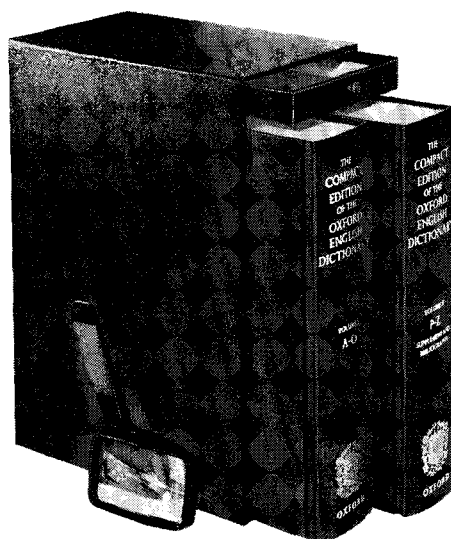
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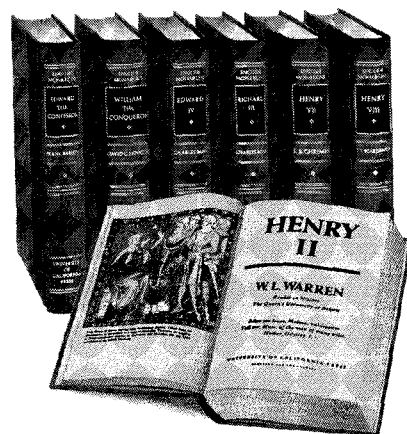
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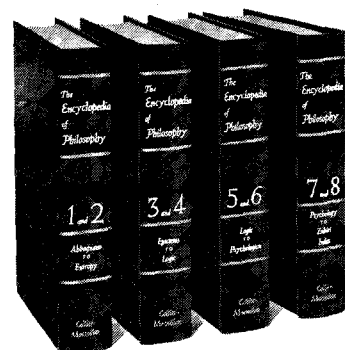


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THE WEEK

Though the event received little publicity, a man was arrested in October during an attempt to blow up both Houses of Congress. We're reserving judgment until we learn whether he was acting in self-defense.

On December 26, Walter Mondale said we should not pull the Marines out of Lebanon "right now." On December 31, he said "we should begin our withdrawal immediately, pursue it expeditiously, and complete it within 45 days." But if he keeps changing his mind every five days, he will have a chance to change it nine times, and by the 45th day, he'll be back to "in" again. Hold all bets.

President Reagan, by assuming full responsibility for the massacre of the Marines in Lebanon, acquires an odor of noble generosity and keeps peace in the family by shutting off debate. But he also casts doubt on the work of the Long Commission; for, if the President was the responsible authority from the beginning, clearly the commission was appointed only as a political feint or smokescreen. He also throws into confusion the whole structure of military chain of command, based as it is on the theory and practice of gradually subordinated responsibilities: The juniors are subordinate but within their sphere responsible. He also blurs the distinction between policy and execution: If it was indeed policy to sacrifice 241 men in the interest of some grand design, then it is the President's policy and he is not even free to claim

The Eisenhower Illusion

They say John Glenn resembles Ike,
But every time he takes the mike
I'm led
To think of all that open land
Where Custer made his final stand,
Instead.

W. H. VON DREELE

responsibility, for responsibility is his whether he will or no; if it was policy to maintain the troops, then the immediate commanders erred. The awkward by-products of his gesture may in time outweigh its first benefits. But it is done; and now in logic the White House should issue instructions to all officers senior and junior, in all theaters of operation, to the effect that such massacres will not recur. It's as easy as that. As impossible as that.

For the better part of a generation a cottage industry had been growing in Vermont, the "handcrafted" knitwear—sweaters, scarves, ski hats—now known to thousands. Then, about five years ago, the federal snoops from the Labor Department cracked this criminal ring and cited all hands (most of them attached to little old ladies) for violation of the Fair Labor Standards Act of 1938, a genial but foolish response to "sweatshop" conditions in ghetto sectors of major cities. The Reagan Administration, on taking office, honored its pledge to get government off our backs: Labor Secretary Donovan erased the regulation that forbade companies to sell garments made in private homes. The International Ladies Garment Workers Union and other victimized blocs sued to overturn the ruling; a few weeks ago a Federal Court of Appeals did just that. The case drags on. Vermonters are furious, arguing that the jobs they do aren't "taken" from anyone, because the jobs didn't exist before Vermonters invented them. The Vermonters are wrong. If lawbreakers like them are permitted to live independently of the federal inspectors and the New York City labor-union bosses, they will jeopardize the economic well-being of the bureaucrats and the union bosses. That's the push-and-shove of it.

The overdue decision of the U.S. to leave UNESCO is valuable in itself, as an act of political clarification, but even more valuable for its wider symbolic significance. Founded to promote global educational, scientific, and cultural affairs, UNESCO has in recent years actively subverted them, as well as maintaining

LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

STUNT OR NOT, Jesse wins big, as does Hafez Assad. That's the consensus in Washington concerning the Syrian release of Lieutenant Robert Goodman. The Syrian leader had been searching for a way to return the Navy airman, not wishing to appear either mean or rabid—a second Khomeini—before the world. Assad's cover exposure on *Time*, and other media hypes, had stroked his ego, making him see the benefits of looking statesmanlike. What better way to enhance that image than by mounting the humanitarian platform that Jackson had erected for him?

The President's men do not see Jackson's feat as hurting Mr. Reagan in any telling way. After all, the White House did not stand in Jesse's path, the President commended Jackson after the Goodman release, and Jackson was welcomed in the Rose Garden along with the Lieutenant upon their arrival home. Quietly, Reaganites are putting out the story, true enough, that Jackson simply reaped the harvest sown by U.S. Ambassador to Syria Robert Paganelli. So Jackson's success was an accident of timing and need (Assad's). All acknowledge, nonetheless, that the Jackson mission will exert great pressure on the President to match it for sheer efficacy, i.e., get some results in the Middle East, get something accomplished beyond diplomatic wheel-spinning.

Transient and minor as the damage to Mr. Reagan may be, the damage to Fritz Mondale is major and lasting, Washington types believe. First, but

not foremost, the Mondale call for a total Marine pullout within 45 days was dwarfed by the Jackson drama. Most important, however, Jesse has become the superstar of the Democrats, standing at center stage, with all the klieg lights on him, and the rest of the lackluster Democrats, including Mondale, sitting in eclipse. The publicity glare is so bright, and Jackson has such a knack for keeping the media voltage turned up high (as with his ongoing stress on convention-rule reform), that the civil-rights leader seems to personify the Democratic Party, defining and exhausting it.

In short, the release of Lieutenant Goodman is a jumbo political hit for Assad and Jesse Jackson, a minor political loss for Ronald Reagan, and a solar-plexus blow for Walter Mondale and the Democratic Party.

ELECTION WATCH: Two Senate races in which the Republican incumbents' campaigns had seemed doomed a few months ago—Jesse Helms's in North Carolina and Roger Jepsen's in Iowa—are now dead heats, almost certainly assuring Republican retention of the Senate (providing the economy does not go into a tailspin). Both senators are now tied (or better) in their reelection campaigns. Mr. Jepsen's early negative polling lit a fire under the senator, and the Reagan recovery, Grenada, and the PIK (payment in kind) program all gave him a big boost.

As for Jesse Helms, he—like the other Jesse—is engaged in a massive registration drive, with Mr. Helms targeting white conservative evangelicals. Also, contrary to Washington pundits, Helms's stand against a Martin Luther

King national holiday appears to have helped his candidacy, not hurt it.

The universal wisdom here is that Walter Mondale has the Democratic nomination locked up (barring a monumental gaffe on his part). Glenn is showing nothing, unbelievably enough, though he deserves better, with almost all the reporting on him negative. Which means that the leadership of the Democratic Party has become more liberal and radicalized than seemed possible a couple of years ago. Also, Mondale's manager, Jim Johnson, is running his campaign exactly right, i.e., as if Fritz were the incumbent.

Special Envoy Donald Rumsfeld carried a letter with him from Ronald Reagan to Saddam Hussein, President of Iraq, on December 19, which said that Washington would resume full diplomatic relations with Baghdad (suspended in 1967) as soon as Mr. Hussein gave the word. The Administration has abandoned its neutral stance on the Iran/Iraq war, having come to the realization that if Iraq goes belly-up, Khomeini will seize that country's government, endangering the reasonably pro-Western regimes in the Emirates, Kuwait, Oman, and Saudi Arabia. Also watch for the Iraqis to use their French Super-Etendards to deliver Exocet missiles before summer, notwithstanding the expressed preference of the U.S. and the moderate Arab states that the weapons be used for political rather than military leverage. At that point, the main event starts, as Iran retaliates and tries to shut down the Gulf. Remember, you read it here first.

—CATO

a huge bureaucracy in opulent circumstances in Paris. Most recently, UNESCO has been promoting a "new order" in world journalism, i.e., giving Third World dictators a monopoly over news concerning their countries. After years of paying 25 per cent of the UNESCO budget, the U.S. finally said no, and even the *New York Times* agreed editorially. But in its ideological hostility to democracy and to the West, and in its advanced corruption, UNESCO is, after all, not much different from The Last Best Hope of Mankind itself. Dean Acheson observed in his memoirs that the presentation of the UN Charter "to the American people as almost holy writ and with the evangelical enthusiasm of a major advertising cam-

paign seemed to me to raise popular hopes which could only lead to bitter disappointment." The Reagan Administration's action as regards UNESCO reflects realism and American maturity. Let the UN itself take note.

Major General Mohammed Buhari, who has now ousted the government of Nigeria in a military coup, cannot quickly solve the problems of that country, but his seizure of power is probably a political plus. By reputation, the general is patriotic and somewhat austere, while the toppled government was putrid

with corruption. Last year, tens of millions of dollars in oil revenues simply disappeared, unaccounted for, from the federal treasury. The capital city of Lagos, its population exploding as farmers leave the land, may be the most wretched urban disaster on the face of the globe. Twenty-five years ago, the mid-section of that vast continent, between the Islamic littoral to the north and the Republic of South Africa to the south, received its independence, and the hopes for *Uhuru* burgeoned. It was *dashiki* time on Fifth Avenue. Only these new "states" were not states. They had been drawn up on maps in European chancelleries a hundred years before, during the "scramble for Africa," and their borders had little to do with tribal or economic facts. Though the entire area is fundamentally agrarian, urban growth was artificially stimulated for political reasons, creating a manipulable urban proletariat. The paper-thin and often half-educated governing elite has too frequently proved corrupt beyond even the dreams of a López Portillo. Perhaps General Buhari can make a start at cleaning out the Augean stables.

The modern world proceeds at its usual pace in Peking, where the Environmental Department ordered the destruction of all the dogs in the city. Municipal teams drowned and clubbed to death 200,000 dogs, and many citizens dutifully ate the family pooch.

Ominous reports came out of Nicaragua, specifically from what are called "official sources" (to wit, the controlled press): An American-born bishop, a missionary in Nicaragua since 1947, had been kidnapped by counter-revolutionary Miskito Indians. Later the same sources said the bishop had apparently been killed by the rebels. Two days later Bishop Salvador Schläfer turned up at the border of Honduras in the company of 1,300 counter-revolutionary Miskito refugees, with whom he had fled from pursuing government soldiers. "We're afraid of what might happen to the bishop," a government official had said. Well might he fear: Government troops had fired at bishop and Indians together. Bishop Schläfer promises to return to Nicaragua in a fortnight to continue his missionary work.

Japan goes into the new year with the (conservative) ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) still very much in control, although Prime Minister Yasuhiro Nakasone had to scramble for an additional 18 votes—the eight-member conservative New Liberal Club plus ten independent members—to give him control

not only of the Diet but of its major committees. Nakasone has moved swiftly to remove supporters of former Prime Minister Tanaka from key party and legislative positions. It was Tanaka's recent conviction on bribery charges that is credited with losing Nakasone so many seats in the December elections. Aside from that nothing much has changed. The LDP, which has ruled Japan since General Douglas MacArthur packed his bags for home back in 1951, remains in power and pro-West. The final fallout from the election could come next November when Nakasone's term as president of the LDP runs out. His chances of winning that one, and retaining the premiership, are slim.

"Soviet Walkout: A First Step," announces the *Wall Street Journal*, in the week's best headline.

The Pope's visit to Ali Agca touched all hearts, for it appealed to man's spirit and spoke in the universal language of the deed. In an age poisoned by polluted language he has chosen the ministry of gesture: giving Christmas blessings to the throng in forty languages, visiting countries and continents no pope has ever seen, kissing the ground as he arrives in each new country, carrying his personal ministry as a physical presence to one-tenth of the population of the world. In the directness of his appeal to all hearts, in the universality and eloquence of this language of his, he seems as much musician as minister. Indeed, in the lives of the great musicians there is an extraordinary theme that recurs: They confess that at times they "seem to be taking dictation." John Paul II does it all with such ease and authority, playing on our souls as Bach did on the pipe organ, that one may as well conclude that he, too, is moved by the highest authority.

Gone are the days when the American laity looked to the Catholic bishops for leadership. So far gone, in fact, that the laity has begun searching for ways to save the American Catholic Church from the American bishops. The National Committee of Catholic Laymen, headed by *NR*'s Jim McFadden, has found one way: *catholic eye*. Breezy, witty, and shrewd, the monthly newsletter has the distinction of being one of the few American Catholic publications to support John Paul II and one of the few publications—Catholic or secular—to criticize the swoon to the left by the American bishops. Along with thoughtful pieces on subjects ranging from confession to Hans Küng, the first three issues of *catholic eye*

have been crammed with juicy shorter items relating to the Church that usually get overlooked in the American press. But *eye* catches everything. For a copy write: The National Committee of Catholic Laymen, 150 East 35th Street, New York, New York 10016.



The United States of America, with 6 per cent of the world's population, has two-thirds of the world's lawyers, and if that doesn't explain everything, nothing will.



EVENHANDED JOURNALISM DEPT. In its "Men of the Year" cover story, *Time* concedes: "Andropov's contributions to the breakdown of Soviet-American relations, in one sense, go back further than Reagan's."



Walter Mondale is facing a serious gender-gap problem. His private polls are showing his support markedly weaker among lesbians than among gay men.

Happy Anniversary To Fidel

THE CASTRO revolution celebrates its 25th birthday, and the Cuban people live on their knees. Surveying the roster of particularly odious Third World despots, one draws up a select list of the very worst: Pol Pot, Idi Amin, Qaddafi, the Ayatollah. And Fidel Castro; yes, Castro assuredly makes the team.

Fancying himself a Third World Napoleon, he has sold his people to the Soviet Union and crushed their spirit. Body-bags containing the remains of his soldiers, Soviet mercenaries, return from distant African climes. His economy is a mess. His prisons hold an estimated ten thousand political prisoners, guilty of such crimes as trying to organize a union, refusing to be receptive to indoctrination, trying to leave the country, expressing "counter-revolutionary" views in—a poem. In places like the Combinado del Este prison near Havana they are kept in dark cells and barely sustained for years and decades on a wretched subsistence diet of slop. Recently, five workers were condemned to death for trying to start a union, though their sentence was commuted to a merciful thirty years when the case drew international attention. In view of the conditions in Castro's jails, that probably means a death sentence anyway.

The idol of Western radical chic during the Six-



Banx, *Punch*

Rothco

"He may lack charisma, but his record on human rights is impeccable."

ties, Castro appealed to a decadent taste for political thrills, as a combination of bearded bohemian and Marxist revolutionary. More recently, his luster has dimmed, but he did achieve the singular distinction of being the only Third World Communist dictator ever to be condemned by Jean-Paul Sartre—over his imprisonment of the poet Heberto Padilla. Castro belongs in the very lowest circle of the twentieth-century political *Inferno*, frozen head down, along with Pol Pot, Qaddafi, and the rest, who are, in the words of Jonathan Swift, "the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth."

Spare Parts

THE DEFENSE BUDGET is in the news again, the burden of the latest series of stories being that it is bloated with several billion dollars of lard, the excision of which would result in no greater loss than a handful of spare parts. The Pentagon has always been a darling whipping boy of the liberal media, but in this instance the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Washington Times*, and sundry local common-sense dailies have joined the *Washington Post* and the *New York Times* in publicizing revelations of outrageous over-pricing of spare parts sold to the Department of Defense (DOD). Typical examples: \$435 for a claw hammer, \$437 for a 12-foot measuring tape,

\$17.59 for a 3-inch steel bolt, \$1,118.26 for plastic caps for stool legs. It was the plastic caps, sold by Boeing, that touched off the spare-parts imbroglio in the first place.

The public outrage is fully understandable and to a great extent justified. What red-blooded American taxpayer wouldn't explode at the revelation that an entire year of tax withholding had purchased only 12 hammers? Nevertheless, a few observations are in order, lest all sense of perspective be obscured.

To begin with, if there must be scapegoats, then the right goats should be caught. The media's wrath has focused too much on the Pentagon, too little on the defense contractors who set the prices in the first place. (Conservative cheerleaders for capitalism should recall that the defense industry is perhaps the least competitive—and hence capitalistic—of all private industries.) Secretary of the Navy John Lehman's insistence that certain contractors refund money reaped from exorbitant prices is a step in the right direction. Within the Pentagon, meanwhile, wrath has descended entirely too mercilessly on the underlings who failed to detect the overpricing, despite the military's tradition that authority can be delegated, but never responsibility.

Scapegoats aside, it is important to recognize that the Pentagon is a bureaucracy and always will be, simply because modern warfare necessitates organizing men and matériel on a scale so colossal that only large bureaucracies can manage the task. Yet any large bureaucracy will suffer from certain inefficiencies in its nether reaches that cannot, literally *cannot*, be eliminated entirely. Scholars of organizational behavior have argued this for years. To create a system of controls aimed at totally eliminating waste in the Pentagon would mean setting up a parallel bureaucracy that itself would suffer from debilitating inefficiencies and that would impose such rigidity on the whole structure as to make it more, not less, unwieldy. No amount of furious knifing by Cap Weinberger will ever change this reality. A certain degree of waste at the Pentagon is as inevitable as taxes and death (though less fatal than either).

A second observation is that DOD, sprawling though it is, is far from being the worst bureaucracy in Washington. Indeed, numerous management consultants and businessmen brought in from the

outside to analyze its operations have concluded that it is one of the best managed and most strictly run of Cabinet departments. Waste at DOD tends to attract the public's gaze because the Pentagon, far more than any other bureaucracy in town, is engaged in the business of procurement, of actually purchasing millions of items. Most other departments are engaged largely in the business of transferring Peter's money to pay Paul or of issuing regulations to make us a happier people. The only tangible items such agencies generally procure are typewriters, desks, and filing cabinets (the most dangerous weapons known). The potential waste that can be uncovered in their procurement budgets is thus considerably less than in that of the Pentagon. Yet entire bureaus and subdivisions of many agencies engage in activities of such marginal utility to the country that the organizations themselves might rightly be regarded as superfluous and over-priced spare parts. Selective indignation, unfortunately, is endemic to the American media, and is the greatest scandal of all.

Death Squads, Truth Squads

LAST MONTH, George Bush returned from El Salvador with a promise that the land-reform program would be advanced, and the activities of right-wing freelance killers diminished, which promise is to have been fulfilled by this week. Bush warned the Salvadorans that continued assassinations would lose them the support of their own people and the American public. "These cowardly death-squad terrorists are just as repugnant to me, to President Reagan, to the U.S. Congress, and to the American people as the terrorists of the Left." Quashing them, Bush added, was "one of the most urgent problems" in El Salvador.

The report of the Kissinger Commission will no doubt help to recrystallize our thinking on Central America. One axiom must not be lost: The death squads and the leftists are not equally objectionable (they are equally repugnant), for the simple reason that the agenda of the right-wing thugs stops at the border. They do not take orders from Cuba and Russia; they do not have designs on Honduras, Guatemala, Mexico. However ghastly their behavior, they do not threaten our strategic interests.

That, after all, is why we are involved in El Salvador. Not to certify elections; not to monitor ballots. Not to establish good government, nor even to avert any kind of awful government. Those are the direct concerns of the Salvadoran people. Our primary purpose is to abort an anti-American axis, conceived in Moscow, midway between Corpus Christi and the Panama Canal. We believe, and experience

Next Question, Please

Spy satellites are very nice
And missiles make the Reds think twice,
But how's a guy supposed to duck
When doped-up Moslems gun a truck?

W. H. VON DREELE

confirms us, that good government is likely to be a long-term effect of our prevailing. If the continuing operation of the death squads threatens a fatal sagging in the government's popularity, of the kind that finally toppled Somoza, then eliminating them also becomes a short-term goal.

We counted it a triumph of our diplomacy to have kept Franco neutral in World War II. We fought the war in alliance with Stalin. Not because we loved either man, but because we wanted to win. In Vietnam, we tired of Diem's arbitrariness. That one we lost. Winning is the most urgent problem in El Salvador.

On the Road to Managua

LET THERE be no doubt about it. The sweetness emanating from Nicaragua these days did not originate in any miraculous conversion of the Sandinistas on the road to Managua. What cleared their minds so marvelously was the U.S. invasion mission in Grenada. That action established the credibility of U.S. military power in the Caribbean basin and led the Sandinistas to undertake a classic Leninist "peace offensive": calling for negotiations with the United States, announcing a limited amnesty for Nicaraguan exiles, and promising to hold elections in 1985 (if not later).

One step backward, two steps forward; retreat in the face of strength, advance against weakness. The Sandinistas have learned their lesson well. Their government has not, however, reached the stage of complete totalitarian control toward which all such revolutions tend. It is more of a coalition government, consisting both of hard-core Marxist-Leninist revolutionaries and of more idealistic souls who cling to the illusion that their ultimate dreams can be recon-

ciled with democratic ways. The fate of the coalition governments in Eastern Europe after World War II is instructive here. That experience also says something about the value we should attach to promised elections and amnesties in negotiations with thugs.

This does not mean that we should totally rule out talking with Nicaragua. But we must proceed with clear eyes, recalling how cheap is the coin of peaceful, democratic rhetoric and how low the value of paper agreements. The combination of carrot and stick may be appropriate. If it is properly balanced—the carrot held out to whatever democratic or semi-democratic elements still exist in Nicaragua, the stick applied liberally to the hard-core—diplomatic strides might be made. At a minimum we should insist that all concessions be tangible and unmistakably concrete, starting with an internationally supervised total sealing off of the revolutionary "road" that runs from Managua to the rebels in El Salvador. Our ultimate goal should be to encourage the emergence of a Nicaraguan Tito who will seek genuine nonalignment, lest a little Castro come to dominate the country, forcing us either to intervene or to suffer a second Cuba in our midst.

'Industrial Policy' And The Balance of Trade

MANY AMERICANS, especially advocates of "industrial policy" or, among other things, central management of our international trade, profess great alarm at the negative U.S. balance of trade. This assures them of a steady source of anxiety, because that balance can safely be relied on to remain in deficit. Why? Because the U.S. maintains a strong surplus in the so-called invisibles—services and invest-



ment income. So long as the overall balance of *payments* is level, this surplus in *invisibles* will inevitably be balanced by a deficit in *visibles*. To demand that merchandise trade be in balance is to demand either that our overall balance of payments go into perennial surplus, which could not be sustained, or that our net income from services and investments be choked off to nothing. The latter might require the bombing of American banks, universities, and hospitals, for starters.

Many people think the merchandise-trade deficit has come about because the United States has lost its competitive edge in manufacturing. Economist Herb Stein of the American Enterprise Institute has shown that the full statistics tell a rather different story. In 1980, oil imports much more than accounted for the trade deficit; the rest of our merchandise account was in solid surplus. Could we have been exporting mostly raw materials and farm products while importing finished goods? No; we ran a surplus in manufactured goods too. Perhaps we exported baseball bats and doorstops, while importing "high-tech" goods? No, again; we had a big surplus in research-intensive manufactures, more than enough to outweigh a deficit in other manufactures.

As Stein put it, "We did not seem to be falling behind in the high-tech race." If the fans of "industrial policy" are looking for evidence to support their case, they will have to look elsewhere than at the trade statistics.

Include Them Out

ITEM. A leading TV producer, known for his sponsorship of liberal causes, turns out to have stashed \$1.8 million of his money in a tax shelter that the IRS has found to be (through no fault of his) fraudulent.

Item. A newspaper columnist who takes the view that the nation is "undertaxed" loses a fight with the IRS over a quarter-million *he* had tried to shelter from the clutches of Uncle Sam.

It would be uncharitable and probably unjust to censure these gentlemen as hypocrites. No doubt they sincerely believe that the government should be collecting more from the populace and spending it on worthy humanitarian projects.

But we know that when push comes to shove, some deep animal instinct rises up even within such civilized breasts as these and cries: "No! It's mine! I earned it! You can't take it!"

And why? Because they lack compassion? Because they are not sharing, caring persons? Not at all, in our judgment. Rather, it's because they know, in the heart of their kindly hearts, that the money thus taken from them is not, in any meaningful sense, shared, but merely put up for grabs, awarded not to

the neediest recipients, but to the most adroit operators; moreover, it is money taken with special, covetous aim from those who accumulated more than the average. Money collected in taxes loses its connection with its producers and therefore its identity. The taxee simply doesn't know what becomes of it. It may wind up helping the unfortunate, but that is also true of money thrown into the wind. Wishing to avoid subjecting your earnings to chaotic political distribution is not selfish. It's merely rational.

Silkwood: End of The Fantasy Road

AT THE END of the new movie *Silkwood*, Karen Silkwood, played by Meryl Streep, dies in an automobile crash while en route to a meeting with a *New York Times* reporter; she is bearing documents revealing serious transgressions by the Kerr-McGee Corporation, a real-life company engaged in processing plutonium for use as nuclear fuel. The movie virtually compels you to believe that Miss Silkwood was murdered by Kerr-McGee or its agents in order to block her revelations, and suggests that a plutonium explosion resulting from Kerr-McGee malpractice could have wiped out an entire state.

All of this has been too much for most reviewers and commentators, who, while agreeing that *Silkwood* is an exciting and brilliantly acted film, have rebelled against its dishonest dealings with facts that are on the record.

Kerr-McGee did *not* doctor photographs in order to cover up flaws in its fuel rods. In fact, all of its 9,537 rods have performed as designed. There could have been no such explosion as suggested by the film. Miss Silkwood *did* have company records with her when she died—the film claims that they mysteriously disappeared from her car—but the records did *not* support her claims about plutonium and Kerr-McGee. There is no evidence that she was murdered, and every indication that she fell asleep

Daydreaming with Mondale

If Walter Mondale had one wish,
It wouldn't be for some chic dish,
Or cash to live a gilded life
With minks and Caddies for his wife;
No, if, like Dorothy, his shoes
Empowered him to pick and choose,
The Democrats would dialogue
With Jesse Jackson as a frog.

W. H. VON DREELE

at the wheel in a Quaalude-induced daze. The film grossly falsifies her personal life, including her attitude toward her husband, children, and lovers.

In the *Washington Post*, Nick Thimmesch is disturbed by "glaring discrepancies between the known record and the film's representations." Vincent Canby in the *New York Times* celebrates the film's artistry but says its mixture of fact and fiction "goes dangerously wrong." So gross are the film's misrepresentations that the *Times* was moved to comment on them in a major editorial: The "decision to select data and present them as the whole truth respects neither evidence nor audience."

We have had a bagful of such films lately, some purporting to be fact, others labeled as fiction but commenting upon supposed factual possibilities: *States of Siege*, *Missing*, *Daniel*, *The China Syndrome*, and on and on.

Perhaps the overwhelming desire of the political Left to present its fantasies as fact is understandable. After all, the facts do not often coincide with its fantasies. But *Silkwood* may have gone too far, and once too often, and brought the entire misbegotten genre to an overdue end.

Unsatisfactory People Of 1983

AVERELL HARRIMAN, for accusing Ronald Reagan of bringing us to the brink of nuclear war. Walter Cronkite, for discussing 1984 without mentioning Communism. Anthony Lewis, for accusing RR of bringing us to the brink of nuclear war. Norman Lear, for trying to tax-shelter millions of bucks that could have fed the starving. Randall Forsberg, for accusing RR of bringing us to the brink of n. w. Jack Lang, for taking William Styron off his leash. Yuri Andropov, for accusing RR of bringing us to the b. of n. w. Margaret Thatcher, for failing to apply the Falklands Doctrine to Grenada. Jane somebody, for a. RR of b. u. to the b. of n. w.

Ramsey Clark, for bringing peace to Central America, negotiating the release of the hostages in Iran, and representing Bernard Coard in Grenada. General Galtieri, for splendid military victories in downtown Rome. The Reverend William Sloane Coffin and the Riverside Church, for maintaining the wall of separation. Senators Dodd and Weicker of Connecticut, for providing the world's strongest arguments for proportional representation. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, for acting like a Vice President before stooping to that level. Representative Ron Dellums, for shilling for Grenada. Ed Asner, for getting it all wrong in El Salvador and even wronger about the Rosenberg spies. E. L. Doctorow, for giving Ed the ammo. Senator Robert Dole, for courage in show-

ing how a war injury can't stop the spineless. Jack Lemmon, for wasting his time on fake flicks like *China Syndrome* and *Missing*.

Time for lunch now.

NOTES & ASIDES

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In the current edition of *Time* magazine, you are quoted (in response to the rumor that Paul Newman will narrate a sixty-second spot offering a nuclear-war-prevention kit) as saying, "I plan to write in for one of those kits, and if Mr. Newman doesn't send me an MX missile, I'm going to report him to the Postal Service people for fraud."

I have read that rather remarkable statement several times. I still haven't reached a conclusion. Were you sarcastic, or were you serious? (I find the latter option incomprehensible, but I have learned never to underestimate the opposition, especially if I tend to find them fanatic; one definition of fanatic, as you know, is "intense, uncritical devotion.")

If, by any possible stretch of the imagination, you meant this remark seriously, albeit with a touch of tongue-in-cheek (this is *not* a conflicting description; think about it), then your attitude is criminal at worst, unconscionable at best.

If it is sarcastic, it is merely irresponsible.

In either case it is dangerous.

The only possible nuclear-war-prevention kit would consist of the prayers, pleas, hopes, dreams, and fears of the American people.

Your attitude, no matter what its foundation, reminds me rather uncomfortably of an NRA [National Rifle Association] bumper sticker I saw on the back of (what else?) a pickup truck: "My wife yes, my dog maybe, my gun never."

We are now, unfortunately, living in a kakistocracy. Even more unfortunately, people such as yourself apparently wish this to continue. If we continue to live at all.

Sincerely,
Carly Mary Cady
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Miss Cady: But I am entirely serious. I would like my own personal MX missile, even though it would slow me up a little in getting around. Moreover, I would train it on Red Square. Moreover, I would instruct it to fire on warning. I would then extend to all the subscribers to NATIONAL REVIEW the immunities of my personal umbrella. You can come too and repent, though in fact you would not need to, exactly for the same reasons that have guided the so-called kakistocracy that has kept you alive, and

free, even to write letters consuming the time of those busy looking after your welfare. Cordially,

WFB

□ Memo to: WFB
From: WFR

Hope you caught that piece in the *Wall Street Journal* a while back ("‘Free’ Weather Reports," by Thomas Hazlett, Sept. 13), which mentions with an almost girlish blush that the doctrine of the necessity of the socialization of such services as lighthouses has been called into question. Didja now? And so where has the girl been? A year ago, wasn't it?, my favorite magazine ran an article by what's-his-name [Wm. F. Rickenbacker—Ed.] giving us the history of Irish lighthouses, which were private enterprises for something like nine hundred years, before Reform squashed them. It's nice to know that Our Nation's Newspaper has got the story, but I'd be even more blissful if a crumb of credit had been ticked off in the direction of Our Nation's Magazine. By the way, we buried Suzie's horse in the field out beyond the blueberries.

□ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Just thought you might be interested in the following. Today, on the \$25,000 *Pyramid*, the celebrity was asked to describe, in the category of "people who go to extremes": Delilah, vegetarian, conservative, Hitler, hermit, hypochondriac, and kleptomaniac. Perhaps an alliance with the local barber is in order.

Best wishes,
Stephen Gehl
San Francisco, Calif.

□ Dear Bill:

"Meanwhile, *anyone* caught standing in the way is branded as racist, even if *they are* only, like Bob Jones, following an (admittedly odd) interpretation of the Bible . . ." (NR, June 24, p. 737; my italics).

I am sure you do not need instruction about what is wrong with that sentence. That it appeared in NATIONAL REVIEW shows that persistent propaganda works even on those who reject it intellectually. The propaganda comes from the feminist movement and asserts that it is somehow sexist to use the singular pronoun of common gender—in the case at hand, "his"—which has the form of the masculine pronoun. Writers, in an attempt not to offend, are driven to such awkward forms as "he or she," "he/she," "his or hers," and often to the absolute solecism quoted above. I myself often find myself recasting a sentence to avoid using the singular pronoun of common gender.

For the sake of argument, let us assume that the indefinite pronouns everyone, everybody, someone,

somebody, anyone, etc. can be taken to have a plural sense. If that is so, the above sentence should read ". . . anyone . . . *are* branded . . . even if they . . ." Nobody, if he were literate, would say that or write that unless his life depended on it. I rest my case.

I cannot for the life of me see why it is sexist to use the masculine form for the singular pronouns of common gender. After all, the male sex must share its form—as it must share so many other distinctions and prerogatives—while the female sex has its form all to itself.

Cordially,
Bill Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

NOVEMBER 30, 1983

DEAR MR. BUCKLEY,

IS IT MY IMAGINATION,
OR HAS THE NATIONAL REVIEW,
INDEED, CHANGED TYPEFACES TO ALLOW FOR MORE
WORDS IN THE SAME SPACE?

PLEASE ADVISE BEFORE I
SPEND MONEY FOR ANOTHER
(AND PERHAPS NEEDLESS) EYE
EXAMINATION.

SINCERELY,

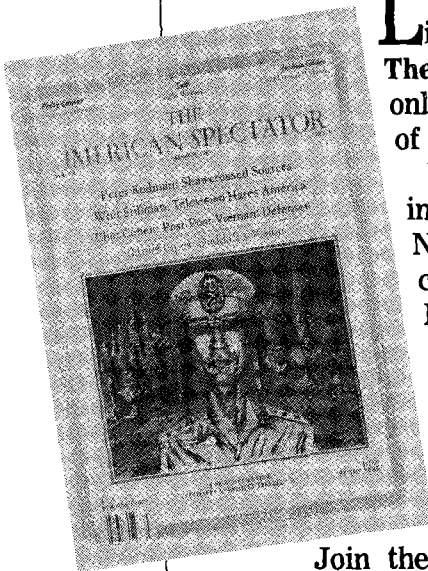
VINCE BENEDICT, JR.
ARDMORE, PA.

P.S. THIS IS REALLY VERY IMPORTANT TO
ME, SO I'D APPRECIATE A REPLY

Dear Mr. Benedict: Forget about the eye examination. Our new (as of September 30) typesetting equipment did indeed shrink both the type itself and the space around it. But our production people have been tinkering away, and you will see the results of their experiments in this issue. You will also, I hope, note with pleasure the restyling of many of our heads in this issue, fine work superintended by super-designer Sheila Wolfe. Cordially,

—WFB

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REAGAN REFLECTS

CAMP DAVID

DEAR DIARY: The third year is the lag year in a presidential term. Too many of our Presidents let themselves become captives of drift. Well, we got through it pretty well. The popularity ratings are as high as Eisenhower's third-year ratings, and Ike holds the record for the last seven Presidents. At the start of '83, our big challenge was whether we could have an active leadership, unlike Jimmy Carter's caretaker kind of government. Bipartisanship helped us, and so did serendipity, especially in foreign policy.

The '82 elections made it obvious that we had to be bipartisan in our governing, and that strategy worked better than we hoped, as the Social Security Commission and the Scowcroft and Kissinger Commissions bear out. Also, Congress gave us the B-1, the MX, a ten-month extension of the Marines' stay in Lebanon, six months of covert funding for the *contras* fighting against the Sandinista Communists in Nicaragua, and a passable defense budget.

On the foreign-affairs side, Grenada was a big plus for U.S. assertiveness, and a big humiliation for Castro and the Soviets. In January, we didn't know that Kohl would win so big in Germany, or that Mitterrand would hang so tough against the Soviets, or that NATO would be as solid as Williamsburg showed in May. At this time last year, everything was dicey.

For the first time in a long time, the Soviets are on the defensive, partly owing to the way we handled them, and partly owing to the way Andropov handled their affairs. He was an across-the-board failure in '83—whether in the West German elections, the cruise and Pershing emplacements, Afghanistan (no political settlement in), China and Japan (no understandings with), Arafat (no help to), Syria's Assad (no control of), KAL 007, Gre-

nada, his domestic economy (appalling), or the Soviet bureaucracy (lazy and alcoholic). Besides that, Andropov has at least one terminal illness. Bill Casey's intelligence reports have it that the Soviets are in a succession crisis already. This means a hard line in Soviet diplomacy in '84.

Stay on the offensive: That's the political dictum for the re-election year. In Lebanon, I'll take the initiative—with the other three peace-keeping countries—to withdraw all forces, declaring our mission, as set forth, accomplished, and urging a UN replacement force. Bud McFarlane is the only holdout. (Will the press catch on that he is harder-Right than Bill Clark?)

In El Salvador, d'Aubuisson will probably win the March elections, and that means a military solution to the civil war there. Dick Stone will keep beating the political drum for us in Central America, and we'll twist d'Aubuisson's arm to stop the right-wing killings, but there'll be no deal between us and the Sandinistas.

On January 25, I'll deliver the State of the Union message, setting the stage for the re-election announcement four days later. Finishing the job, rebuilding our strength, restoring individual rights, getting the government off our backs, revitalizing private initiative—those are themes I'll stress. The Democrats are trying to uncouple the recovery from Reaganomics. (Now that the economy is booming, they don't even use the word Reaganomics anymore.) Well, I'll trumpet the recovery in the speech, with a full panoply of statistics, including the 1.5 percentage-point drop in unemployment the past year.

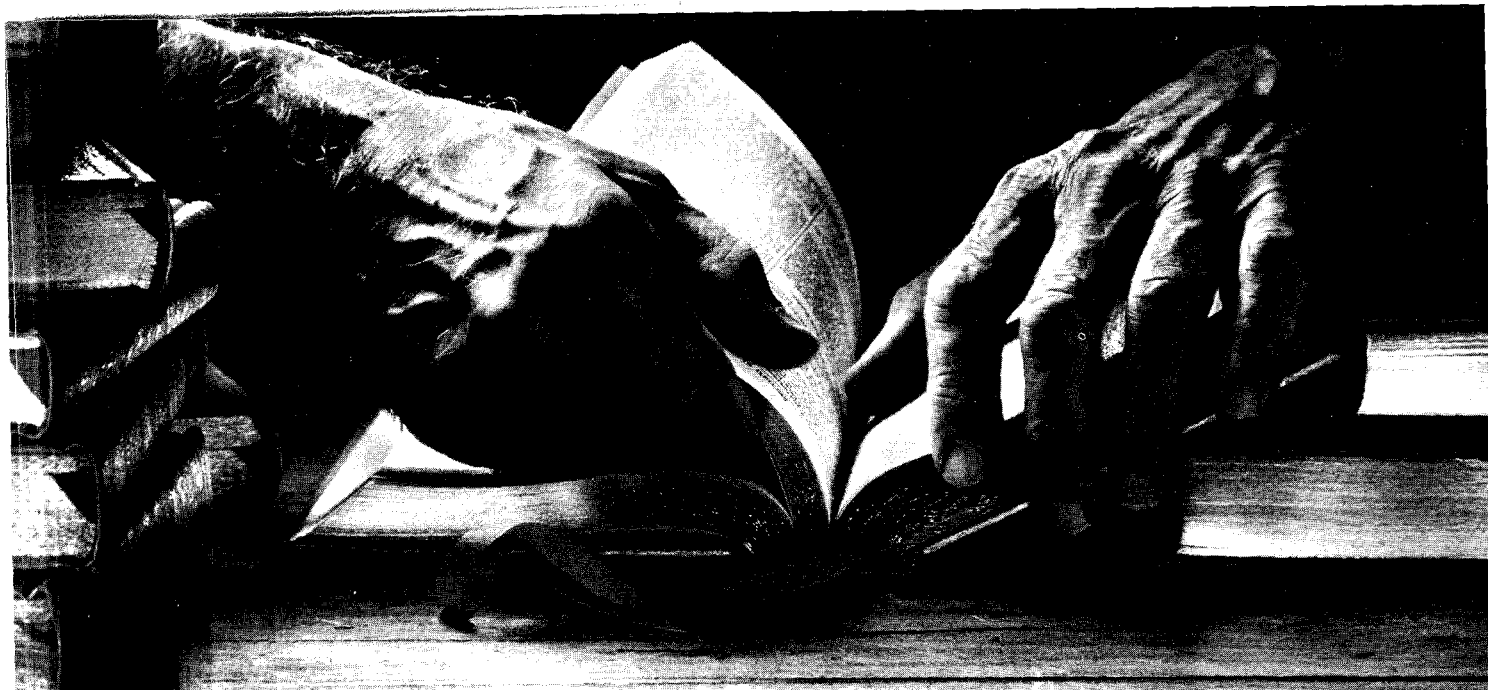
Deficit phobia will be the big campaign hurdle for us. So in the State of the Union message I'll announce a bipartisan commission on tax reform to report back to me in ten months (after the election) on individual and corporate income taxes, the flat tax, the value-added tax, and the question

of taxation on consumption (as the Brits have) versus taxation on production (as we have). This blue-ribbon commission will take the air out of the opposition's deficit balloon.

Football is the sport now, and the 1984 Olympics will be the sport this summer. But politics will be the sport during the spring and fall. Some of my staff see this election as similar to Nixon *v.* McGovern, 1972. They're wrong. It's more like Eisenhower *v.* Stevenson, 1956. Ike had no primary contest that year, and he was the last President to be so treated. In 1972, Ashbrook and McCloskey ran against Nixon in the primaries. Those challenges prevented Nixon from using the Republican National Committee apparatus, so CREEP had to be set up. This year we've got the RNC—the whole kit and caboodle—behind us already.

NO QUESTION Mondale will be the nominee, and that's better for us. Glenn would have cut into our constituency on key issues like family, patriotism, national security, government thrift. Fritz is at the other end of the spectrum—the creature of special interests, the apostle of failed policies (big spending, weak military), the classic, rejected, back-number liberal. But who's going to strap that legacy to Mondale's back? Where is my John Connally, Bob Dole, Spiro Agnew to do for me what was done for Dick Nixon against George McGovern? George Bush keeps listening to his staff telling him not to let himself be "Agnewized." And Dole has his own fish to fry. I may have to carry the water myself.

There's at least one piece of solid good news. On February 6, I'll be 73, and here I am on the cover of *Parade* magazine pumping iron. What a way to kill the age issue. If only we could do that with the deficit. □



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THE BORDER PATROL

THE BEST ECONOMISTS keep an eye out for borders—lines in time or space dividing sharply different levels of economic activity. In all likelihood, such borders reflect a discontinuity in incentives: On one side of the line work is encouraged, on the other side leisure makes relatively better sense. Taxes are by far the most important cause of such discontinuities in incentives. Thus, if we know that taxes will be higher in 1985, then December 31, 1984, becomes a border. Economic activity will increase before that date, for the same reason that farmers make hay while the sun shines.

Jude Wanniski has drawn attention to the literal border dividing high-taxed, impoverished Ghana and low-taxed, prosperous Ivory Coast. David Ranson of H. C. Wainwright Economics points to the June 12, 1979, "border" in the British economy. On that day the value-added tax was increased from 8 to 15 per cent. Since this tax increase was announced a few weeks before it took effect, economic activity boomed in those weeks and collapsed after June 12. Customers simply pre-empted the tax increase. Government economists typically did not foresee this flip-flop in the British economy.

The unwise delay in the schedule of tax-rate reductions President Reagan got enacted in 1981 had a similar, although opposite, effect. The third, final, and most important rate cut went into effect on July 1, 1983. This created a border on January 1, 1983—the beginning of the calendar year in which the lower taxes were finally in place. Thus a good deal of work was postponed, because the work-incentives had been postponed. The result was an economic "bust" in 1982. (GNP declined by about 2 per cent.) During the final months of 1982 the "farmers" (i.e., economic participants) chose not to over-exert them-

selves, because they could see the blue sky of lower taxes approaching.

This January 1 border was not foreseen by most economists, by most economic forecasters, or by the Administration's own hired help. On December 30, 1982, Hobart Rowen reported in the *Washington Post* that "the Paris-based Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development [had just] put out an exceedingly grim review of economic prospects for the industrialized nations."

The trouble with economists who work for international organizations like the OECD is that they are paid tax-free salaries and so have little experience of the incentives that motivate their fellow men. The quality of their economic analyses might well improve if they joined the real world.

Likewise observing the farmers resting on their pitchforks, Reagan's chief economist, Martin Feldstein, seemed to think that the pause was permanent. On December 29, 1982, Jonathan Fuerbringer reported in the *New York Times* that "the President's top economic advisors have significantly scaled back their forecast for economic growth in 1983." Feldstein said GNP would grow by 1.8 per cent in 1983—half its actual increase. But he was widely applauded in the news media for his "realism" nonetheless. Tom Wicker for one clapped him on the back: At last someone was avoiding the "sometimes fraudulent forecasts that have been the hallmark of the Reagan Administration."

"I think the recession will be stretching on into the first quarter," said Otto Eckstein, the head of an economic forecasting firm called Data Resources, Inc. Eckstein charges an arm and a leg for his predictions, this one being made on December 21, 1982—a few days away from the border between recession and recovery.

A few days earlier the respected economics columnist Robert J. Samuel-

son noted: "Reaganomics is dead—not because it failed, but because it never existed." Reagan had simply made "unbelievable claims for the beneficial effects of tax cuts," Samuelson added. Reaganomics was not "an economic theory." It merely symbolized "a political and journalistic addiction to meaningless phrase-making."

"ECONOMISTS HAIL DECLINE IN INTEREST IN MONETARISM AND SUPPLY-SIDE ECONOMICS," the *New York Times* reported on December 29, 1982, about three days before interest in the latter revived. Reporting on the annual meeting of the American Economics Association, Karen Arenson noted: "The economy is dismal. But rather than wringing their hands over what they have done wrong, many of the economists attending the meeting were elated." They were elated because they were eager to see the demise of ideas they had long resisted.

So you can stand on the edge of a precipice and not know it until you fall off. But what does this tell us about 1984? Let us apply some border analysis to the problem. The great preoccupation now is budget deficits. In Washington there has been an almost frenzied desire to raise taxes to reduce these deficits. The elections will almost certainly prevent such a tax increase in 1984. But some "contingency" tax increase may well take effect in 1985, and Social Security taxes will also go up that year.

Big storm clouds in the form of tax increases seem to be coming up over the horizon in 1985. Therefore, economic participants may be expected to make hay in 1984. A sizable GNP increase (8.2 per cent) is forecast by David Ranson. That should be enough to re-elect Reagan, or any other Republican candidate. But Republicans should beware of borders and precipices once the election is won. □

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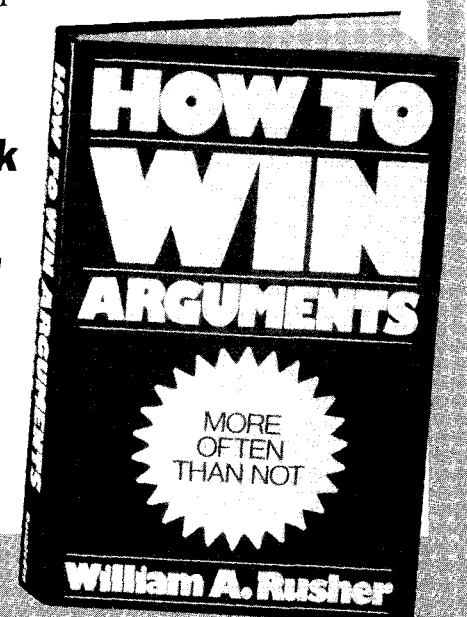
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THE COMMONWEALTH BURDEN

AN ALBATROSS, as Coleridge's Ancient Mariner found to his cost, may be an imposing bird in flight, but awfully heavy to carry around one's neck. It is in this sense that it is apposite to compare the Commonwealth of Nations to the albatross.

"How long," asked Enoch Powell, not at all rhetorically, in a recent article in the London *Daily Telegraph*, "can we healthily continue the diet of delusion?"—in reference to the inordinately long and extravagantly expensive circus then starting in New Delhi. I refer of course to the Conference of Commonwealth Heads of State or Government. I cavil only at the qualification "healthily," which implies that until and including the present, Britain's health has been unaffected by the "delusion" that the Commonwealth has any meaning other than symbolic.

Reflecting on the inadequacies of British foreign policy, I am drawn to the conclusion that of all the impediments in the way of a sensible coming to grips with realities, the Commonwealth is quite the worst. Nor should Americans be complacent on this issue, for the Commonwealth summiters probably devoted more hours to Grenada than to any other issue.

Zimbabwe's Prime Minister, Robert Mugabe, led the pack, with a violently anti-American diatribe. Howling for blood (good Yankee blood), the Afro-Asian-Latinos joined in. It was left to the formidable Miss Eugenia Charles, Prime Minister of Dominica, to point out that the people of Grenada looked upon President Reagan's intervention as a rescue operation.

On every important issue, the great majority of the Commonwealth leaders struck anti-Western or anti-American attitudes. This was, naturally, true of Namibia, where the U.S./South African ploy is to link a plan for the independence of what used to be South West Africa with a withdrawal of Cu-

ban troops in neighboring Angola. Even Australia's Prime Minister John Fraser (who, though he leads the Labor Party, has been remarkably sensible on international affairs) espoused the cause of the "antis."

Translated into plain language, the "antis" want Namibia to be given its independence no matter what: whether or not the Cubans leave, whether or not the Soviet-backed terrorist group SWAPO comes to power, whether or not, as a result, the imposing harbor of Walvis Bay (a South African sovereign enclave in Namibia) falls into the hostile hands of Admiral Sergei Gorshkov, commander-in-chief of the Soviet fleet.

But I am straying from the Commonwealth-as-albatross theme. I have always respected the rights of colonized peoples to make a mess of their own affairs. That is one thing. Quite another is to feel that, at enormous cost to the British taxpayer, the old mother country should be required to subsidize the continuing dose of insults from nasty little (or not so little) dictatorships such as Guyana or Tanzania.

TO LEAVE frivolity aside, let me be more specific about the albatross side. On November 14, Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, made a speech before the Royal Commonwealth Society in London; he also gave an interview to the BBC's World Service. Now, clearly, he would not have made the one or given the other had the Heads of State and Government not been about to meet. But it is the content of his statements that worried me.

The Foreign Secretary praised the Lancaster House settlement (which transformed Rhodesia into Zimbabwe) as "one of the very important achievements of Mrs. Thatcher's first government." His predecessor but one, Lord

Carrington, indeed attracted well-deserved praise for the skill with which he persuaded the black and white leaders of that country to stop fighting and agree on a new constitution.

In that sense, it was an achievement. But at what cost: the flight of Europeans in the thousands, the deepening chaos of the economy, the torture and detention of white officers, the increasing influence of the Soviet bloc.

Sir Geoffrey Howe devoted most of his speech to southern Africa. Much of what he said was sensible. He called on black guerrillas to stop harassing South Africa, and on South Africa to stop conducting punitive raids across its borders. He turned down sanctions against the South African Republic.

Against that, he rejected the notion that an independent Namibia would fall under Soviet domination and claimed that "it would secure the removal of the Cubans from Angola." These of course are favorite themes of the black African members of the Commonwealth. They fly in the face of political and strategic common sense.

It would be going too far to assert that the British Foreign Secretary would not have expressed such views if the Commonwealth summit had not loomed ahead. What *can* be said is that a radical new look at such problems is almost impossible so long as Britain's leaders feel that they need to say such things because calling them into question would offend, say, Nigeria or Zambia.

Now for the (relatively) good news. As there are now 48 member-countries, it is pretty difficult anyway to achieve the kind of consensus that sounds like one in a final communiqué. It is quite clear from this particular communiqué that Mrs. Thatcher used her informal veto no fewer than ten times. She also moved a good deal closer than initially to the American position on Grenada. □

Business, Labor, & the & Anti-Communist Struggle

NO OTHER INFLUENTIAL American institution matches the business community in enthusiastic, uncritical support of détente. More to the point, the sobering events of the past few years—disillusioning for many who once believed that expanded East-West contacts would somehow temper the Soviet Union's global ambitions—appear scarcely to have affected business's attitude. Its eagerness to deal with the Kremlin has survived the repression of the dissident movement, martial law in Poland, the invasion of Afghanistan, and Soviet-Cuban trouble-making in Africa as well as in the Caribbean basin, and will doubtless survive the ruthless downing of a civilian airliner at the cost of 269 lives. Nor, apparently, has the business fraternity been swayed by the accumulation of evidence that advanced Western technology—whether openly purchased or purloined by Soviet agents—has contributed to the steady buildup of the mammoth Soviet military machine.

Business leaders, to be sure, have grown cautious about advancing sweeping claims concerning the beneficial effects of trade with the Soviets. Donald M. Kendall, chairman of PepsiCo, and a man who has invested the trade issue with the status of a cause, may still assert that the "United States should give the Soviet Union a stake in peace, which we are best prepared to do through trade," but other businessmen are now showing some wariness about the "peace through trade" slogan. Yet, prudence in attributing a humanitarian or statesmanlike dimension to economic transactions with the East has not been accompanied by any lessening of determination to resist sanctions, embargoes, restrictions on technology transfer, or other measures designed to harmonize our trade policies with the objectives of our diplomacy and the requirements of national security.

The importance of the trade question should not be underestimated. Much more is at stake than the fact that during the invasion of Afghanistan the Soviets employed trucks built with Western technology or that unlimited shipments of grain have permitted the Soviets to postpone the day when a transfer of resources from the military to the civilian economy becomes impossible to avoid. The USSR has been strengthened by the wheat, ball bearings, and computers it imports from the democratic world, but

it has profited even more substantially from the effective political neutralization of the business (and farm) lobby in regard to important geo-strategic issues. In three recent critical conflicts—Afghanistan, Poland, and the trans-Siberian natural-gas pipeline—crucial segments of the business and financial communities stood firmly opposed to policies that might have been the key elements of an effective and credible U.S. response. Though business cannot be blamed for the perception of weakness that crippled the Carter Administration's foreign policy, its refusal to support the sanctions imposed in retaliation for the invasion of Afghanistan unquestionably contributed to an appearance of Western disarray in the face of a confident and aggressive adversary. Much the same can be said about the opposition of the banks to calling in the Polish debt and about business's hostility to the Reagan Administration's efforts to kill off the pipeline.

Concerning this seeming indifference to the imperial drive of the Soviet Union, a few critical voices have been raised. AFL-CIO President Lane Kirkland has described business as the "soft underbelly of freedom." Jean-François Revel, a man not known for harboring an anti-capitalist bias, has observed that "Big business, in Europe and America, is predominantly neutralist, in a much more efficient way than long-haired Danish or Dutch demonstrators."

Are such harsh judgments justified? Business would no doubt resent being labeled a de facto fifth column, insensitive to the security of the democratic community. Echoing Donald Kendall, some continue to insist that trade represents our most imposing weapon in changing Soviet behavior. Indeed, on more than one occasion Kendall has implied that if the United States had not placed limits on the volume of East-West trade (through the Jackson-Vanik and Stevenson amendments), the Soviet Union might never have deployed its Cuban proxies in Africa or invaded Afghanistan, and détente would have endured.

Others arrive at the same destination by the opposite route: They argue that America may as well get the ben-

ARCH PUDDINGTON is executive director of the League for Industrial Democracy and editor of Workers under Communism.

efit of trade, since, after all, history has often demonstrated the ineffectiveness of trade as a weapon of diplomacy. Finally, businessmen contend that, as Americans, they have been unfairly (and foolishly) penalized by sanctions, since our allies have so consistently and pointedly declined to put forward similar measures.

On this last point, they have a legitimate complaint. It is impossible to ascertain how much trade was forgone because of the actions of the Carter and Reagan Administrations, but it is undeniable that businessmen from other non-Communist countries—with the encouragement of their governments—have been eager to provide whatever consumer goods, technology, or foodstuffs were embargoed by the United States. The most notorious example is the swiftness with which Canada, Argentina, and other countries that are aligned with America jumped in to supply the Soviets with grain after the 1980 Carter-imposed embargo. Even a political leader with as impeccable anti-Communist credentials as Margaret Thatcher balked at Reagan's attempt to thwart the pipeline.

Unfortunately, there is no evidence to suggest that business would back reductions in trade even in the unlikely event that the industrial democracies could agree on a unified approach. Quite the contrary. When General Jaruzelski declared martial law, Citibank's Thomas C. Theobald made the by-now famous comment: "Who knows what political system works best? All we ask is: Can they pay their bills?" Such an uncharacteristically blunt assessment of the Polish situation may have caused some dismay, but no one from business or banking saw fit to disavow Theobald's words. In fact, other bankers anonymously expressed satisfaction with the Polish regime's decisive action, apparently preferring the "order" imposed by the Communist junta to the unruliness for which Solidarity was presumably to blame. Not only are such views a reprehensible betrayal of the democratic values that underpin Western—and, let us emphasize, capitalist—society; they reflect a remarkable degree of economic shortsightedness. It was, after all, a failure of the *Communist* system that bankrupted the Polish economy; during the postwar period no democratic country has experienced anything approaching the Polish crisis.

It should be stressed that business's enthusiasm for trade with the Communist world is hardly a new phenomenon. In 1944, a poll conducted by *Fortune* magazine found business leaders to be the "most friendly" toward the USSR of all American groups and also the most hopeful about postwar relations with the Soviets. Businessmen like Eddie Rickenbacker were favorably impressed by such elements of Soviet policy as iron discipline, compulsory overtime, incentive pay, and severe punishment for absenteeism, while Eric Johnston, president of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, announced after a meeting with Stalin that "Russia will be, if not our biggest, at least our most eager customer when the war ends."

Businessmen do, to be sure, distinguish between Communism and capitalism as economic systems. They recognize the absurdities of the command structure, central planning, lack of incentives, and other features which guarantee that the Soviet Union will never "catch up with and surpass" the United States. However, businessmen manifest little understanding of the threat to the capitalist system and its attendant freedoms posed by the spread

of Communism. In this respect, recent history presents a convincing refutation of the hoary leftist cliché that American foreign policy revolves around the priorities of multinational corporations resolutely hostile to "collectivist" economic systems. If anything, the multinationals, and the banks that provide credits for transnational projects, have exerted their influence on behalf of a coming to terms with Marxist regimes. Thus corporations with investments in Angola have testified against U.S. support for the anti-regime UNITA forces led by the pro-Western Jonas Savimbi. Nor is there significant business support for maintaining the embargo of Cuba or, for that matter, for the Administration's efforts to stem the spread of Marxism in Central America.

Business has managed to embark on a policy toward the Soviet Union that is often at variance with declared

**KISSINGER HAS LATELY COME TO REGRET
THE DEGREE TO WHICH COMMERCIAL
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FORGING OF A CONSENSUS AROUND A
FIRM ANTI-SOVIET POLICY. NOT SO NIXON**

American goals, yet it has escaped the opprobrium heaped on peace-marchers and has not generated the high level of controversy that, for example, was provoked by the disarmament statements of the Catholic bishops. Yet the issues involved are every bit as crucial to the outcome of the superpower competition as manifestos issued by clergymen or "concerned scientists." For substantiation of this, we need look no further than the daily press, which regularly reports instances of high-technology thievery by Soviet spies.

Nevertheless, hardly a murmur of protest arose when a delegation of several hundred leading corporate executives (accompanied by Senator Dole) traveled to Moscow in November of 1982 to discuss a revival of trade, even though the visit coincided with a stepped-up anti-American propaganda barrage from Moscow. Given the strains in U.S.-Soviet relations, the session predictably had its touchy moments, most notably an unpleasant exchange between U.S. Ambassador Arthur Hartman and Georgi Arbatov, the Kremlin's leading authority on North America and a man who has devoted many hours to the cultivation of American executives. Press accounts indicated that the assembled businessmen adopted an attitude of studied neutrality toward this debate. One corporate representative complained anonymously about prohibitions against the export of high technology with a potential for military use: "The Russians will buy the trucks from someone else anyway." The trucks in question were, of course, those built with the assistance of Western technology at the huge Kama River complex and subsequently used against Afghan freedom fighters. During the halcyon days of détente, a major news magazine described the Kama River enterprise as "a living symbol of how détente can work." Kama River now symbolizes the failure of détente, but that particular businessman, along with many others, would no doubt argue that the fault lies largely with America and not the Kremlin.

The United States would never have participated in the truck project in the first place had it not been for the strong endorsement of the Nixon Administration. Indeed, no discussion of the economic dimension of détente would be complete without an assessment of Nixon's political and intellectual role in its development. It was Nixon, along with Henry Kissinger, who not only encouraged business investment in the Soviet economy, but also formulated an ideological framework for détente of which trade was an integral part. For example, Kissinger argued that increased trade would help to create a "web of constructive relationships" that would give the Soviet Union a stake in peace by making it "more conscious of what it would lose by a return to confrontation."

This approach proved futile because the United States never really applied the punitive measures implied by the linkage doctrine, one reason being that the business community could be depended on to oppose *any* measure deemed a threat to the fragile fabric of détente. Kissinger has lately come to regret the degree to which commercial considerations have hampered the forging of a national consensus around a firm anti-Soviet policy. Not so Richard Nixon. The former President still speaks of "weaving a web of economic interdependence that raises the cost to the Soviet Union of stepping beyond the bounds of acceptable behavior"; of "positive and negative incentives"; and of "détente with deterrence." Nixon, to be sure, does take seriously the challenge of exploiting the economics of détente to the advantage of the United States. He argues: "When the Russians marched into Afghanistan, the United States was reduced to boycotting the Olympics in Moscow

and slapping on a grain embargo that was meaningless. . . . We would have had more leverage if we had been trading in more things that the Russians wanted. . . . We must have something significant to give, and also to take back." However much sense Nixon's thesis makes conceptually, in practice détente's main achievement was the creation of a powerful constituency committed to appeasement in the furtherance of economic gain.

One can, of course, argue that business's behavior is perfectly understandable, if regrettable. The overriding priority of a corporation is to maximize profits, and one ought not to be surprised if in the pursuit of profits a corporation's actions occasionally clash with the objectives of government policy. Unfortunately, some businessmen have moved beyond their role as corporate representatives to wrap themselves in the mantle of statesmen. Businessmen like Donald Kendall and Armand Hammer, and political figures with close ties to the business world like Averell Harriman, function much like diplomats, and they do not hesitate to give their own independent interpretation of bellicose Soviet words or deeds. Reading between the lines of their carefully phrased sentences, one can find a clear message: The Soviets may make mistakes, but the major impediment to normal relations and peace is an American Government too quick to invoke sanctions and too ready to employ cold-war rhetoric. In defending their interventions in the foreign-policy arena, these men point to their years of experience in dealing with the Kremlin, experience which most certainly would not lead to the conclusion that the Soviet Union is an outlaw nation or "evil empire." Actually, the Soviets have invested considerable en-

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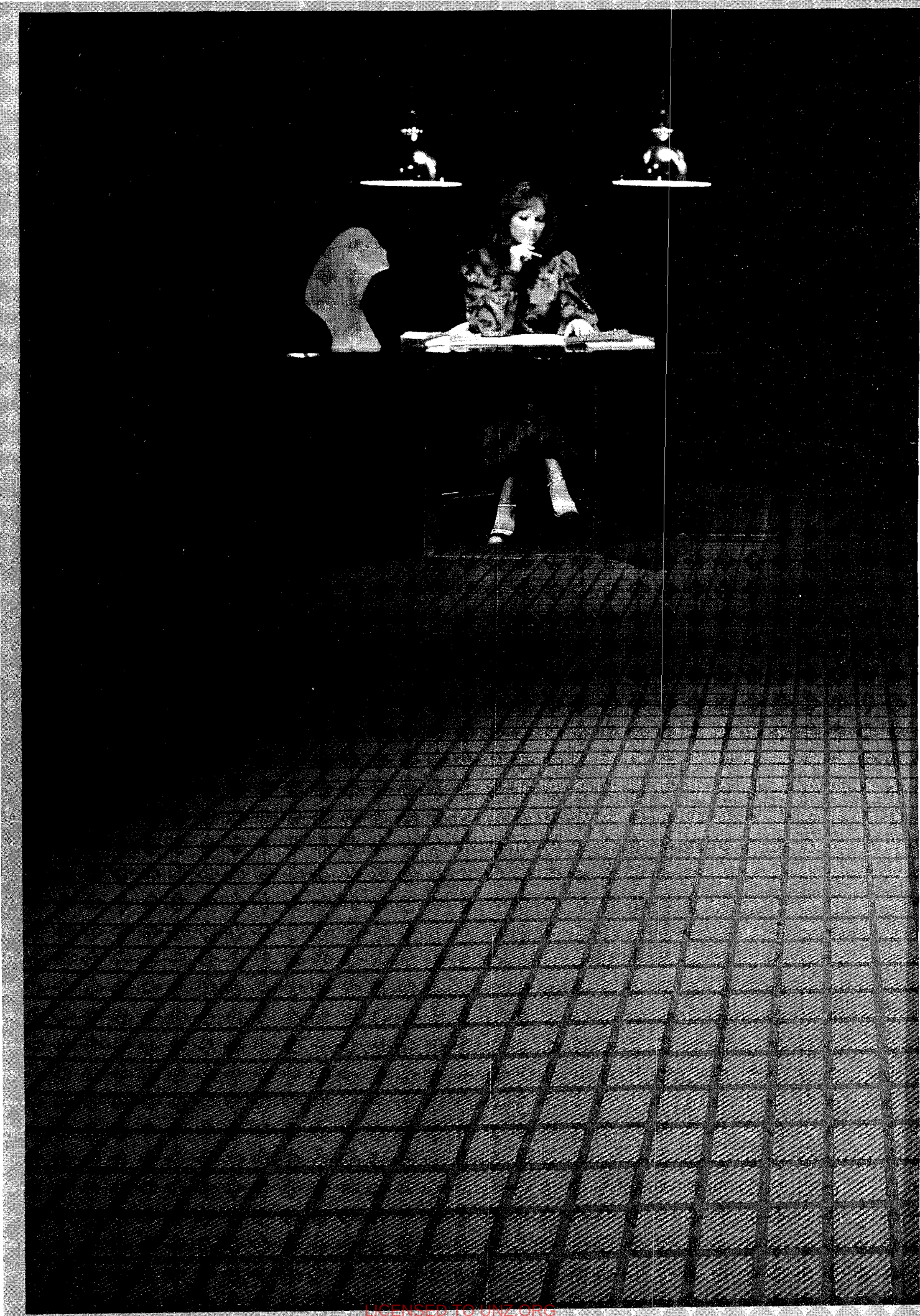
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ergy and creative thinking in their dealings with the business magnates of the democratic world—for reasons easy to understand. Upon meeting a delegation of Italian politicians and businessmen, Nikita Khrushchev pointedly ignored the politicians, making a beeline for Giovanni Agnelli, the head of Fiat. Explained the Soviet dictator: “It is you I want to talk with. In ten years these other clowns will have gone, but you will always be there. You’re the real power, the one I want to negotiate with.”

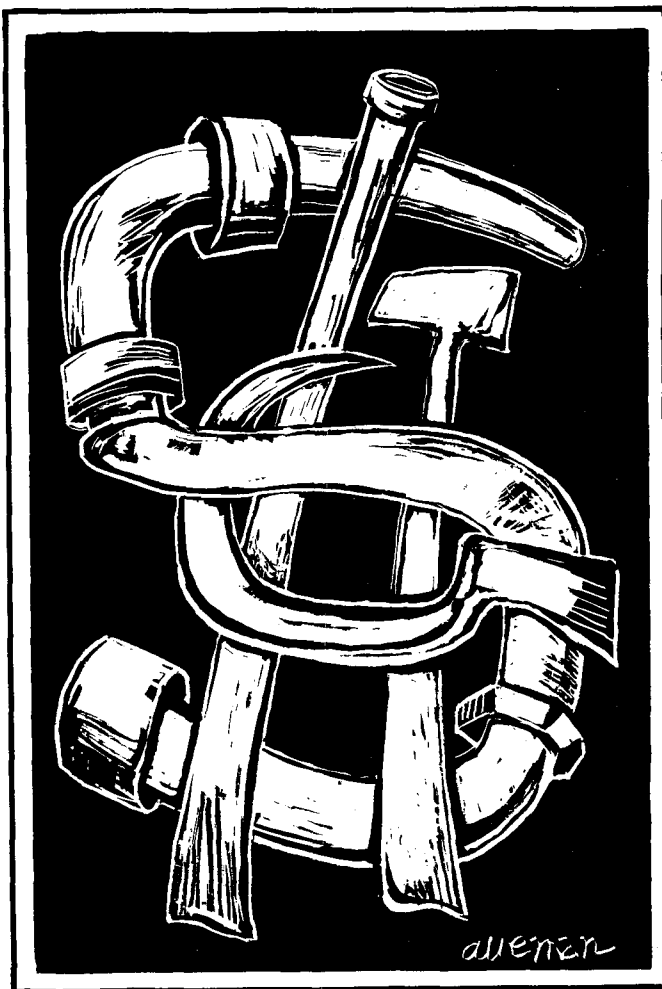
As can well be imagined, the egos of corporate officials get a considerable boost from the flattering words of a Khrushchev, a Brezhnev, a Kosygin, and other Kremlin notables. These men are, after all, among the most inaccessible politicians in the world. Just as important, though, are the personal relations Western businessmen develop with Soviet trade officials. Such functionaries do not appear to share the Kremlin’s sharp ideological hostility to capitalism. In fact, they may appreciate the efficiency of capitalism, and they are not averse to expressing such feelings over vodka and caviar. Businessmen believe, or imagine they believe, that their Soviet acquaintances exert influence over a broad range of policies in much the same way that the U.S. Chamber of Commerce influences the Administration and Congress. Certainly businessmen are not alone in their perception of Soviet society as evolving toward a form of pluralism, with different interest groups competing for ascendancy. Many respected academics have written long books on precisely this thesis, and many important politicians make solemn pronouncements on the folly of viewing the USSR as an immobile, totalitarian monolith. Inevitably, however, when issues of broad national policy are at stake, the Kremlin’s decisions are made by a small group of men who are, in Joseph Funder’s words, “undeterred by the aspirations of their subordinates.”

It is one of the great ironies of our time that while the business community, for some 65 years the chief villain of Soviet propaganda, has made its peace with the Soviet system, the labor movement in America has steadfastly refused to heed the siren call of détente. From the time of Samuel Gompers to the postwar leadership of George Meany and Lane Kirkland, the American labor movement has not merely refused to recognize the legitimacy of the bogus Soviet “trade union” model; it has rejected the very idea of Communism as a valid system of government. During the postwar period, labor’s overriding priority in international affairs has been the containment and, if possible, rollback of Communism, whether of the Soviet, Maoist, Cuban, or Vietnamese variety. A most incomplete list of specific actions must include the following: publication of the first map detailing the location of the vast Gulag network; efforts toward the revival of a free (non-Communist) labor movement in Western Europe; support for the Marshall Plan; establishment of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions in response to Soviet domination of the World Federation of Trade Unions; the training of thousands of democratic-minded trade unionists from Latin America, Asia, and Africa; providing Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn with his first major platform after his expulsion from the Soviet Union; and, of course, the generous moral, political, and financial support extended to the Solidarity movement from the first days of its formation.

Labor maintained its attitude of strong opposition to Communism even during the era of détente, standing almost alone among the social and political forces that influence the direction of this country. Its isolation became particularly noticeable within the Democratic Party coalition, where the reigning mood consisted of deep-seated shame and guilt over American policies in Southeast Asia and other areas of the Third World. The AFL-CIO’s refusal to support the presidential candidacy of George McGovern was due largely to the perception by George Meany and others that the South Dakota senator harbored sympathetic views toward the Communist system. Others might choose to ignore McGovern’s undiminished admiration for Henry Wallace, but veteran labor leaders who had taken part in the 1948 campaign found this symbolic of a mindset with which they were all too familiar.

The immediate postwar period, culminating in the Wallace campaign, was crucial in molding the union outlook on foreign policy. Today, Communist influence in the American labor movement is negligible; this was not the case in the Thirties and Forties, when Communists controlled several major industrial unions and played important roles in others. By the early Fifties, though, most unions had purged themselves of Communist elements, and those that remained under Communist sway were expelled from the CIO.

Most labor leaders come directly from the working class and share that class’s strong patriotic sentiments and its hostility toward those who place the interests of a foreign



power above those of the United States. And most labor leaders recognize the relationship between the success of the United States and the well-being of their members, and they are suspicious of those who look on the success of America as an impediment to some greater goal, whether that goal be world revolution or a new international economic order. Communist support for the Hitler-Stalin Pact, opposition to the Marshall Plan, and support for Henry Wallace all combined to open the eyes of most labor leaders and to forge an anti-Communist consensus among trade unionists who otherwise differed widely in their economic and social views.

Then, too, the labor movement understands democracy to be a precondition for free trade unionism, and, conversely, it knows that without free trade unions no society can be genuinely democratic. American labor's appreciation of the essential nature of democracy was sharpened by its struggles to secure acceptance during the difficult, and at times violent, organizing drives of the Thirties, particularly since it was the *political* support of the Roosevelt Administration that ultimately guaranteed the success of its efforts to represent workers in the major industries. With the conclusion of World War II and the subjugation of Eastern Europe by the Soviet Union, the view became widespread that the Kremlin represented the major adversary of the spread of free unionism.

For labor, moreover, Communism posed a special problem never encountered by the business world. Communism has never concealed its ultimate agenda in regard to business: Once power is won, free enterprise will be swept into the dustbin of history. On the other hand, Communist propaganda has bestowed on the working class the role of leaders of society, a promise that even today carries a certain appeal to the elite, and occasionally to the working classes, of the impoverished countries of the underdeveloped world. In actual fact, of course, wherever Communism has triumphed, free unions have suffered quick elimination, being replaced by fraudulent labor fronts whose principal purposes are enforcing workplace discipline and maintaining political orthodoxy. This proved to be the case in the Soviet Union, in Eastern Europe, in Cuba, in Vietnam. Today, the dismantling of non-Sandinista unions proceeds apace in Nicaragua. Thus trade unionists can assign tangible meaning to the distinction between totalitarian and authoritarian systems of tyranny. Free unions have emerged with the fading away of rightist dictatorships in a number of countries; with the exception of Poland, free unions have never arisen in the Communist world. Indeed, Chile demonstrates that a form of free trade unionism can coincide even with a well-entrenched authoritarian regime.

Labor's dim view of Communism and détente was not very well received by the media, university, and government elites. In this case, however, a clear sign of the weakness of the arguments for détente emerged from the fact that its proponents chose simply to ignore the criticisms raised by George Meany and others, rather than risk open debate.

Two controversies of the recent past exemplify the AFL-CIO's willingness to defend fundamental principles despite the disapproval of the State Department, the *New York Times*, and anyone else who confuses reason and prudence with unnecessary concessions to the enemies of democracy.

The first was the AFL-CIO's intensive lobbying campaign, eventually successful, to persuade the United States to withdraw from the International Labor Organization. Such action became necessary after the latter's adoption of a series of anti-Israel resolutions and its consistent refusal to deal seriously with the blatant violations of workers' rights by the Soviet bloc. It is important to recall that this was the first and, to my knowledge, the only time the United States withdrew its participation (and money) from a UN agency. When the Carter Administration reluctantly acceded to labor's demand for withdrawal, the inevitable cries of dismay focused, predictably enough, almost exclusively on the moral and tactical "shortsightedness" of our leaving *any* international agency, no matter how odious its policies. No one was willing to defend the general drift of things at the ILO.

As matters worked out, the predictions that our withdrawal would "only make things worse" proved to be entirely erroneous. Convinced that the United States was serious about trends in the ILO, other democratic nations began to offer stiff resistance to the Soviet-Arab alliance; at the same time, the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, and other Communist countries found their internal labor practices were being subjected to intensified scrutiny. If anything, it was the Soviets who were on the defensive when the United States, with labor support, decided eventually to return to the fold.

The second example is the AFL-CIO's policy of "no contact" with Communist labor unions, including those of France, Italy, Spain, and other democratic countries. One can gauge the seriousness with which the AFL-CIO takes this issue by the fact that it convinced the State Department to adopt the unprecedented policy of refusing to issue visas to "trade unionists" from the Communist world. On the question of relations with Soviet labor representatives, George Meany made his position clear as early as 1945, before the conclusion of the war in Europe, when the United States still considered itself an ally of the Soviet Union. "We see no virtue in groveling in the dust of a false unity which would simply replace one form of totalitarianism with another," Meany stated. "What common ground could we find in cooperation with those who pretend to speak for the workers but in reality represent the government? What could we talk about? The latest innovations being used by the secret police to ensnare those who think in opposition to the group in power? Or, perhaps, bigger and better concentration camps for political prisoners?"

These words were spoken well before the cold-war consensus had been achieved; many thought it bordered on the unpatriotic to denounce the Soviet Union in public. Meany, however, was not simply exhibiting the prejudices of a devout Catholic from the New York building trades. He believed then, and labor continues to believe today, that no genuine "cross-fertilization of ideas" can result from American workers' sitting down to talk with those whose major function is to serve as "enforcers of ideological discipline," in Meany's apt phrase.

The significance of labor's abiding anti-Communism may have been lost on the foreign-policy establishment, but hardly on the American Left, whose longstanding objective it is, at the very least, to neutralize labor in the debate over foreign policy. In the radical view of things

it matters little that the AFL-CIO has spoken out forcefully for trade-union rights in Chile (providing assistance for labor leaders there) and has established a special project to help the fledgling black trade unions in South Africa. Tom Hayden's turn toward respectability has not prevented him from using the Left's most opprobrious label to describe Lane Kirkland: "CIA-connected."

Along with other critics of labor, the Left carefully

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QUESTION ARISES: TO WHAT DEGREE
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THE SOVIETS OVERCOME THEIR ENDEMIC CRISES?**

avoids the major issue: the nature of Soviet society in general and Soviet treatment of the working classes in particular. No one, especially after Poland, will argue that the unions of the Soviet Union, Czechoslovakia, China, or even Cuba or Vietnam speak for the workers. Instead, those who once held aloft the banner of candor and directness now formulate their arguments in elegant tactical terms. Thus we are told not that labor's anti-Communism is wrong, but that it stands in the way of a closer alliance with blacks, feminists, environmentalists, advocates of a nuclear freeze, and other forces constituting the Democratic Party coalition. David Moberg, an associate editor of the socialist newspaper *In These Times*, expresses a related argument: Labor's stance contributes "to a political climate that is hostile to labor's central interests."

Nothing in the nature of trade unionism as such precludes a more sympathetic attitude toward détente than is currently expressed by unions in the United States. Many non-Communist unions in Europe participate in regular exchange visits with "union officials" from the USSR and other Communist countries. In some cases, European unions have become integrated into the whole culture of détente, with its elliptical language and its studied evenhandedness toward "the two superpowers." In France, Italy, Spain, and Portugal, unions directly or indirectly tied to the local Communist parties represent a formidable political and economic force. In Britain, where the Communist Party counts for practically nothing in electoral politics, Communists or semi-Communists hold leadership positions in a number of important unions. Arthur Scargill, president of the National Union of Mineworkers, recently criticized Solidarity on the grounds that "it is an anti-socialist organization." (However, Scargill's comments drew strong criticism from other British labor leaders, and the British Trades Union Congress has taken the position that Solidarity is the only legitimate representative of Polish workers.) Moreover, trade unions throughout Europe, almost without exception, supported construction of the natural-gas pipeline, for the very practical reason that the project should provide thousands of jobs in countries that are currently suffering the highest levels of unemployment since World War II.

American unions have never confronted the prospect of forfeiting jobs because of embargoes or other sanctions, primarily because the level of U.S.-Soviet trade has re-

mained relatively small. On the other hand, the arguments advanced by the Left—that an atmosphere of anti-Sovietism inevitably breeds a climate of domestic "reaction"; that labor's anti-Communism is a stumbling block in the way of mobilizing a unified anti-Reagan coalition—do carry a certain appeal during times of economic difficulty. Thus in recent months a debate of sorts has begun within the labor movement on such issues as defense spending, the nuclear freeze, and U.S. policy in Central America. One should bear in mind, however, that even at the pinnacle of his authority, George Meany did not enjoy the unanimous support of the AFL-CIO for his hard-line policies. As for defense spending, the AFL-CIO has endorsed a level of arms outlays somewhat below the amount requested by the Administration, but it has supported a steady American buildup more consistently than almost any other institution of significance.

The hostility toward Communism shared by Meany, Kirkland, and other labor leaders combines with economic reasons to fuel labor's hostility toward East-West trade. On the other side of the coin, the enthusiasm of business for trade with the East stemmed from the prospect of providing consumer goods to four hundred million undersupplied Eastern Europeans, the last untapped market in the industrialized world. These high expectations foundered, largely because consumers from the Soviet bloc proved too poor to purchase Western products and because of the inconvertibility of Communist-bloc currencies. But the failure of the Soviet bloc to live up to its promise as a consumer-sales bonanza did not diminish its appeal for capitalist investment. The region's drawbacks—the low standard of living, nonmarket economies, workmanship too shoddy to make its goods practical for export—were more than compensated for by other factors. There was, to begin with, the perception of Eastern Europe as a zone of political stability, and thus far more attractive for investment than the unpredictable post-colonial states of the Third World. Wages are low when measured against the standards of the democratic world—indeed, they are kept artificially low as a matter of government policy. Finally, there are no unions to complicate matters, at least not as anyone outside the Communist world understands the concept; one finds no strikes, no interference with the authority of management, and only cursory enforcement of safety regulations.

Thus, what was envisioned was a unique form of cooperation in which Western corporations would provide the technology, training, management assistance, and, of course, credits, and the Soviet Union would provide land, transportation, energy, and—the crucial item—labor. The goods produced, superior in quality to the ordinary consumer items manufactured in the Communist world, would be marketed in the West at prices below those of similar goods manufactured in the West. One already finds cases of Western European industries facing uncertain futures because of a competitive disadvantage with manufacturing plants in Comecon countries, and resultant job losses have been substantial.

For the time being, the question of economic relations with the Soviet Union has been eclipsed by the debate over the deployment of armaments in Europe. After the inevitable settlement of that issue, however, the focus of attention will shift back to nonmilitary aspects of East-

West relations, with trade in the forefront. We can then anticipate a recycling of all the old arguments: Trade contributes to a reduction of suspicion; it constitutes America's most effective leverage over Soviet behavior; "no one is ever hurt" by trade; a consumer-oriented Soviet Union is a less belligerent Soviet Union. Yet recent experiences convincingly demonstrate the impossibility of separating economic issues from concern about security. This is not just a matter of the Soviets exploiting our technology for military purposes. If the economy, including agriculture, is the Soviet Union's weak spot, the question arises: To what degree should the democratic world help the Soviets overcome their endemic crises? One can anticipate the response of the lobby for détente. Businessmen will insist that we should sell the Soviets whatever they want, the lone exception possibly being technology with demonstrably direct military usefulness. The past record of business on this score makes clear the futility of any appeal based on patriotic exhortations. The only alternative is a firm policy that subordinates the interests of the business community to the security needs of the democratic world.

At the same time, the abiding dedication of organized labor to the principles of democracy and freedom deserves a new appreciation from those who presumably share the conviction that the defense of the free world is the crucial challenge of our time. Solzhenitsyn, Sakharov, Shcharansky, Bukovsky, Walesa, Charter 77, Matos, freedom fighters from Hungary and Afghanistan—the list is endless of men and women whose unremitting struggle against totalitarianism has been supported by trade unionists here in the United States. For these efforts, American labor has been treated with scarcely veiled disdain by respectable opinion in its own country. Yet a careful assessment reveals that labor has done more than maintain a remarkable commitment to the anti-totalitarian cause; it has exhibited an understanding of the nature of totalitarian Communism that, in terms of raw common sense, compares altogether favorably with the pseudo-realism of its critics. That labor has been scorned and resisted is not evidence of a new maturity of our world view, but a deplorable sign of a lack of faith in the things for which we ought to stand. □



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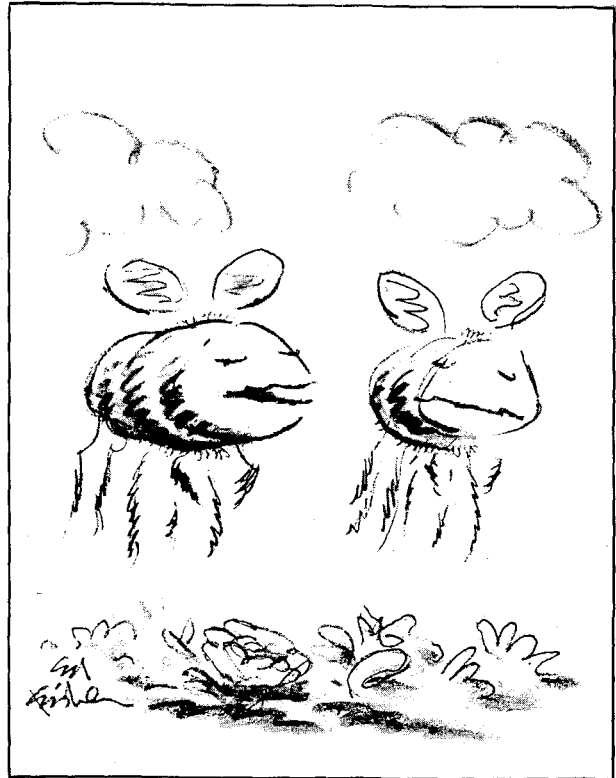
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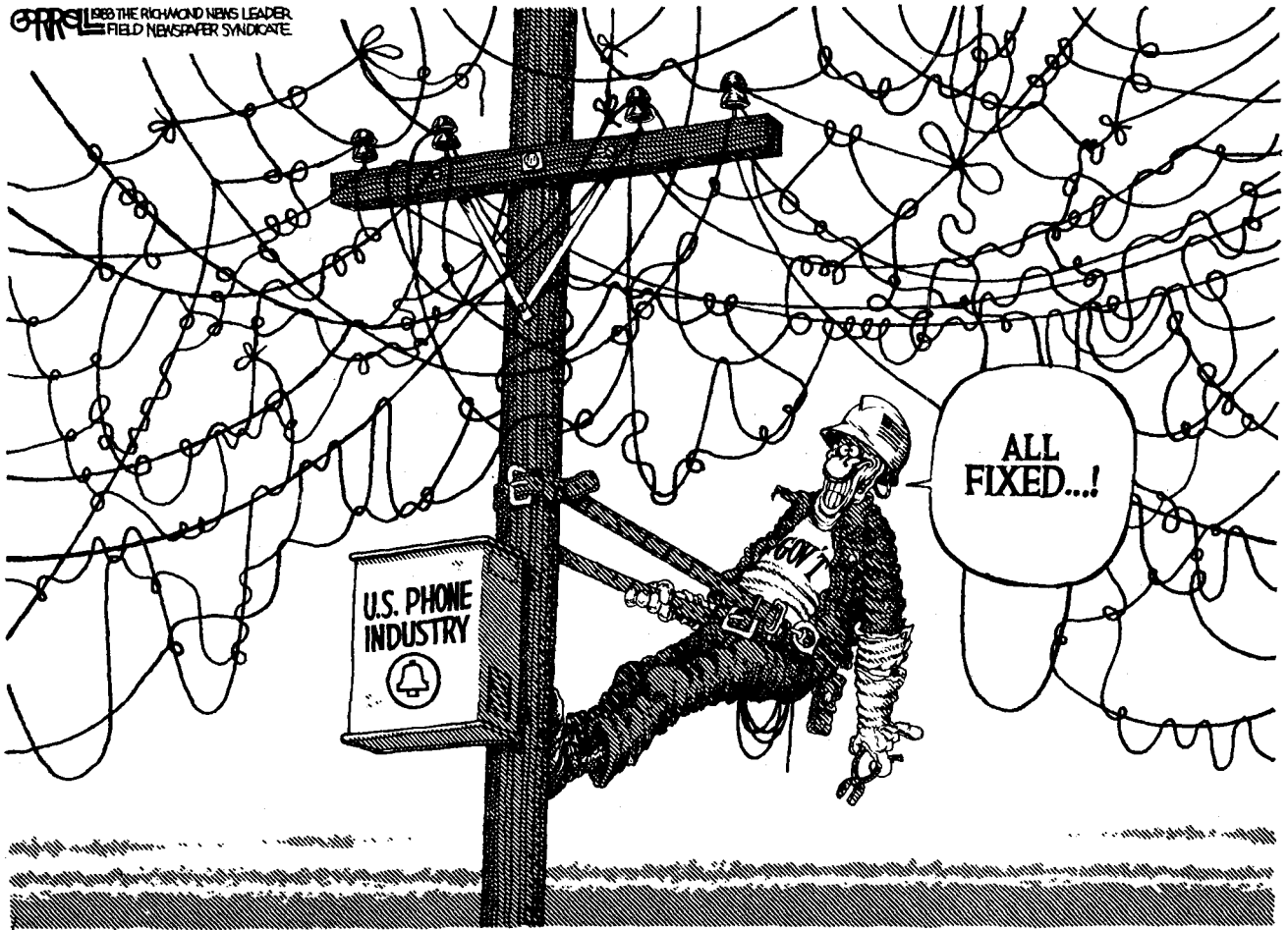


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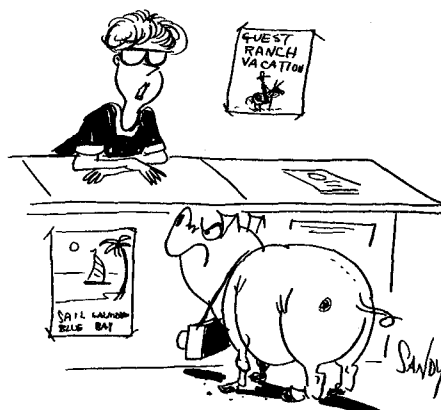
If the Shoe Fits

At Versailles they whispered, "Hooey!"
 When the ruling Fifteenth Louis
 In an offhand moment, hinted
 At the deluge that would come.
 So the government kept spending
 Till the populace stopped lending
 And no likenesses were minted,
 Leaving Louis, later, numb.

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ACE TRAVELS



"Aside from that little incident on the Isle of Circe, how was your trip, Mr. Bower?"

THE FRENCH BISHOPS' BOMB

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC bishops of France took a dramatic stand in the debate over nuclear deterrence early in November, as the first cruise missiles and Pershings arrived in Europe and pacifist agitation there reached a peak. Their statement came as quite a bombshell.

Last spring the U.S. bishops issued their pastoral on nuclear warfare in what has become typical American fashion for public pronouncements: It followed many months of public agonizing, interviews, leaked drafts, revisions, statements, and counterstatements. The final version was in many ways an improvement on the initial drafts [see Michael Novak's "Moral Clarity in the Nuclear Age," *NR*, April 1, 1983, and "The Bishops Speak Out," *NR*, June 10, 1983], but politically it was and continues to be an embarrassment to President Reagan and U.S. policymakers. The pacifists, the disarmers, and the unilateralists praised the bishops for bringing the Roman Catholic Church in America into their camp on this issue.

The pastoral had been a matter of concern to the European episcopates and the Vatican ever since the distribution of the first draft more than a year earlier. The German episcopate, while privately critical of the first draft, remained silent, its position being understandably delicate. But two prominent Germans, Alois Mertes, a Christian Democrat currently in the foreign ministry, and Georg Leber, a Social Democrat and former minister of defense, wrote Bishop John Roach, then chairman of the U.S. Bishops' Conference, warning that the political consequences of the pastoral letter would make "war and the subjugation of Europe" more likely. It was "ir-

responsible to condemn essential aspects of nuclear strategy," they said. The logical result of the pastoral would be to nullify the American guarantee to protect Germany in the event of invasion and would make Germany helpless "against a potential aggressor or blackmailer."

In France, Cardinal Lustiger remonstrated mildly over the hullabaloo that accompanied the proclamation of the pastoral, but, apart from that, the French bishops remained silent on the subject. Not so *Le Monde*, the voice of the intellectual Left in France, which hailed the American bishops' document as a "bold" step forward.

That was hardly the reception *Le Monde* accorded the French bishops' statement, *To Win the Peace*, which was adopted by a near-unanimous vote of 91 to 2 and issued in Lourdes on November 8: *Le Monde* found the Lourdes statement in defense of a nuclear deterrent "morally fragile."

To Win the Peace marks the first time since Pope Pius XII that a body of the Catholic Church has officially recognized that Communism ("Marxism-Leninism" as they appropriately called it) is intrinsically perverse. Communism, the French bishops wrote, claims to possess "the secret of total liberation of all men and nations," and to impose it on them for "their greatest good." While Eastern Europe is kept in bondage, pressure is put on the Western democracies "to enter the Marxist-Leninist sphere of influence." The French bishops understand that Moscow opposes nuclear war because it wants a free hand to use its overwhelming superiority in conventional weapons whenever it might choose to make its move. For that it needs a powerless America, a disarmed and demoralized America.

The Lourdes document—written by Monsignor Jacques Jullien, Bishop of Beauvais, and Monsignor Jacques Fihey, vicar of the armed forces—reads

like a counterstatement to the American pastoral letter. It acknowledges the horror of nuclear confrontation but points also to the horrors of chemical and bacteriological warfare. Both East and West are materialistic, it says, but "it would be unjust to weigh [them] on the same scale." The West morally deserves to be protected against the "domineering and aggressive ideology of Marxism-Leninism [which is] bent on world conquest. Peace at any price leads directly to surrender, and unilateral disarmament, and is an invitation to the other party's aggressiveness."

THE FRENCH BISHOPS point out that certain aspects of individual morality do not apply to relationships between nations because while an individual has the right to surrender his own freedom in the face of aggression, that same person, when responsible for the lives of others (a father, a platoon leader, a head of state), is morally bound to protect those under his care or command. Does not an absolute condemnation of all wars or of the use of particular weapons, they ask, expose peaceful nations to the mercy of the predator? The Church, they say, has always recognized the right of a state to repulse violence by force. States cannot take risks in these matters: They must discourage the eventual aggressor and must possess the means of doing so.

To Win the Peace addresses the argument that the advent of the nuclear bomb has made war (which was always an evil) inconceivable; that the bomb is the enemy and any action that will destroy it is justified. Until now nobody had used the counterargument that if nuclear weapons represent a mutation in history (which of course they don't), so do Communist regimes. A Caligula or a Nero is sim-

(Continues on page 65)

THOMAS MOLNAR is on the faculty of the City University of New York and is a visiting professor of religious studies at Yale.

AT LAST, A JOURNAL OF OPINION THAT'S **DECIDEDLY NON-LIBERAL**

"IT HAS BEEN A PLEASURE TO WATCH LEOPOLD TYRMAND AND THE
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ORTHODOXIES OF OUR TIME."—TOM WOLFE

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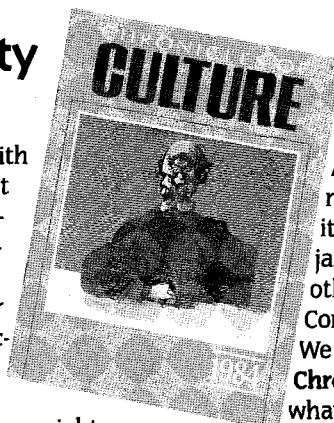
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Chronicles of Culture

NON-LIBERAL CRITICISM AT ITS BEST.

T8336

OF WOOD

IT IS SEVEN steps from tree to hearth: select, fell, trim, cut, split, stack, build. Each step invites what Hugh Kenner once called “the full critical act”—knowledge, comparison, love. There will be room for only the first few words on only one of these steps. Today it is Stacking. I may get around to the others, later; or I may not.

The way a man stacks wood tells you a lot about him. Some men just dump the logs on the ground every which way and burn them when they need them. Some make a stab at a proper stack but use an ignoble stratagem: They find a couple of trees 15 or twenty feet apart and use them as you’d use bookends for a bunch of books that want to come tumbling down. It works, but I think it scars the living tree, and it certainly advertises the woodman’s satisfaction with a half-measure. Your hard-core wood stacker *creates* his stack. I’m hard-core.

Probably born that way, but family and schooling took the bent twig and petrified it. My parents had no patience with a job ill done; and Captain Eddie, the child of German-speaking immigrants, had the classic German pride in craftsmanship. Faced with a job half botched, a tool not stored in its place, a shop floor not swept, he would almost weep with rage: “Dammit, do it right! Dammit, do it right!” Later, a son of his might find the Biblical equivalent: Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might. There is a point you reach when a simple chore done with loving thoroughness becomes an act of beauty. Thoreau at Walden stacked his wood before his window that he might gaze upon it: “Every man,” he said, “looks at his wood pile with a kind of affection.”

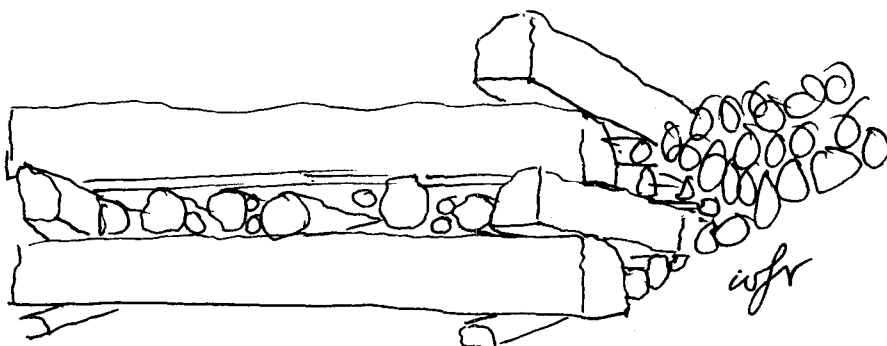
You don’t just stack wood to raise it off the ground, so you can have more lawn to mow. You have some serious business in mind. The first goal

is to air the wood, to let it dry for a year or two. So you set down some long saplings along the ground like railroad tracks, far enough apart to give a wide stance to your average log; the saplings are expendable and will rot in a year or two, but meanwhile will keep your firewood off the damp earth. You set the saplings east-west so the stack gets maximum sunlight in the winter. You keep your eye peeled for good half-moon and quarter-moon split logs; these you will use for the structure at the ends of the stack, to keep the stack from tumbling down. You lay one big piece across the ends of the saplings and lay two good flat quarter-moons athwart it, with their other ends (the ends buried in the stack) angled sharply down. The spaces in between these structural members you can fill with smaller pieces, kindling, work gloves, old issues of the *Sunday Times*, whatever. Two years later you will find that the *Times* doesn’t last but has been replaced by the sloughed skins of garden snakes. There is a lesson here for all of us, which each of us may determine for himself. Or, as Brigid says, “Let every man’s pig root.”

You now have a stack that won’t fall, and your next consideration is to look to the proper airing of the wood. So don’t put all the pieces of the same size together in one part of the stack. Mix ’em up for better air flow. And remember to lay them on the

stack bark side up; bark side down, they catch water and hold it between bark and alburnum, and there’s hell to pay for that kind of bungling, I tell you. Remember, too, how the wood came to be cut and split: tree by tree. So you’re probably working off a pile of jackstraws with all maple here, all pine there, all oak beyond. That makes for bad fires in the hearth, for the best fires are like the best salads, a bouquet of the different offerings of the garden. Here in New England, too, we have to watch the pine. We have a lot of it, and we shouldn’t have more than one-third of our fire made of pine at any one time, for if you exceed that mark you’ll build up a bodacious load of creosote in your chimbley, and if you don’t mend your ways your chimbley will sooner or later catch fire, usually on New Year’s Eve, whereupon your house looks like an exploding cannon, and can be heard for miles.

SO YOU PICK and choose from the jackstraws—hoping to have a woodstack so homogenized that you can send even someone so stupid as a college senior out there and ask him to bring in a load of wood in the dead of night and he’ll come back with just the right assortment so the house don’t burn down. That’s a subjunctive, not a colloquial-
(Continues on page 65)



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PRESIDENT RONALD REAGAN SPEAKS ABOUT NATIONAL REVIEW

(The following are excerpts from the talk given by President Ronald Reagan when he attended the recent party to celebrate the opening of National Review's new Washington office.)

"Today, we celebrate Washington's birthday, and I can't think of a more appropriate occasion to celebrate *National Review's* heightened profile in the nation's capital. For if George Washington was the father of his country, NR has been the father of the American conservative intellectual movement. And it's only fitting, at a time when conservative issues and philosophy are finally setting the terms of debate in the halls of government, that NR has come to Washington in a big way. . . .

"Finally, I want to say just a word or two about your Editor, Bill Buckley. I've often thought, when I've been faced with memorandums from deep in the bowels of the bureaucracy, what I wouldn't give to have Bill as an interpreter. A fellow comes in, stands in front of your desk, hands you a memorandum, and he stays and waits there while you read it. And so you read, 'Action-oriented orchestration, innovation, inputs generated by escalation of meaningful, indigenous decision-making dialogue, focusing on multi-linked problem complexes, can maximize the vital thrust toward non-alienated and viable urban infrastructure.' I take a chance and say,

'Let's try busing.' And if he walks away, I know I guessed right.

"But I think you know that *National Review* is my favorite magazine. NR isn't my favorite only because it's fought the good fight so long and so well, although that would be reason enough. It's my favorite because it's splendidly written, brilliantly edited, and a pleasure to read.

"In fact, I honestly believe even if I were to suffer from mental illness or convert to liberalism for some other reason, NR would still be my favorite magazine because of its wit and its charm and the intellectual quality of its contents. . . .

"Let me just close by saying a heartfelt thank you to *National Review* for all you've done for the values we share and for sending reinforcements to Washington at just the right moment. I know that your heightened presence here will be an aid and inspiration to all of us in the movement in the years ahead. And just by being here you help make the nation's capital a little less of a puzzle palace and a little more like our town. So thank you. God bless you all."

Isn't it about time you had your own subscription to National Review? Enter your introductory subscription now. Use the card facing this page and try NR at the special trial rate of 15 issues for only \$14.95. (National Review could become your favorite magazine too!)

BURNHAM AND BORGES

THINGS ARE back to normal now. Twenty-five below zero, with the wind-chill factor (whatever that is) at minus seventy or so. Cars are stalling, pedestrians are snarling, and the mayor's favorite felon is howling again.

A few weeks ago, however, there was an atypical evening in Chicago. On December 8, the wind blew, but didn't howl. The snow fell, but didn't accumulate significantly. The temperature dropped, but not drastically. The streets were slippery, but not dangerously so. Cabbies remained civil, Christmas shoppers jostled one another minimally, and the rhetoric issuing from City Hall seemed surprisingly temperate.

It was on this evening that about 150 people, decked out in formal gear, gathered in the ballroom of the Ritz-Carlton, one of Chicago's most lavishly appointed and handsome hotels, to honor James Burnham and Jorge

Luis Borges, each of whom received an award of \$15,000 from the Ingersoll Foundation. The foundation is an organization through which the Ingersoll Milling Machine Company of Rockford, Illinois, conducts its charitable activities, in conjunction with the Rockford Institute, a conservative academic think-tank that concentrates on social and cultural issues.

It has just set up two Ingersoll Prizes, which will be presented annually. The T. S. Eliot Award focuses on works of fiction, drama, poetry, essays, and literary criticism. The Richard M. Weaver Award recognizes outstanding scholarly contributions in the fields of philosophy, history, ethics, and the social and political sciences. On December 8, Jorge Luis Borges received the former, and James Burnham the latter.

The purpose of the awards was best stated by Leopold Tyrmand, vice president of the Rockford Institute, editor of the *Chronicles of Culture*, Secretary

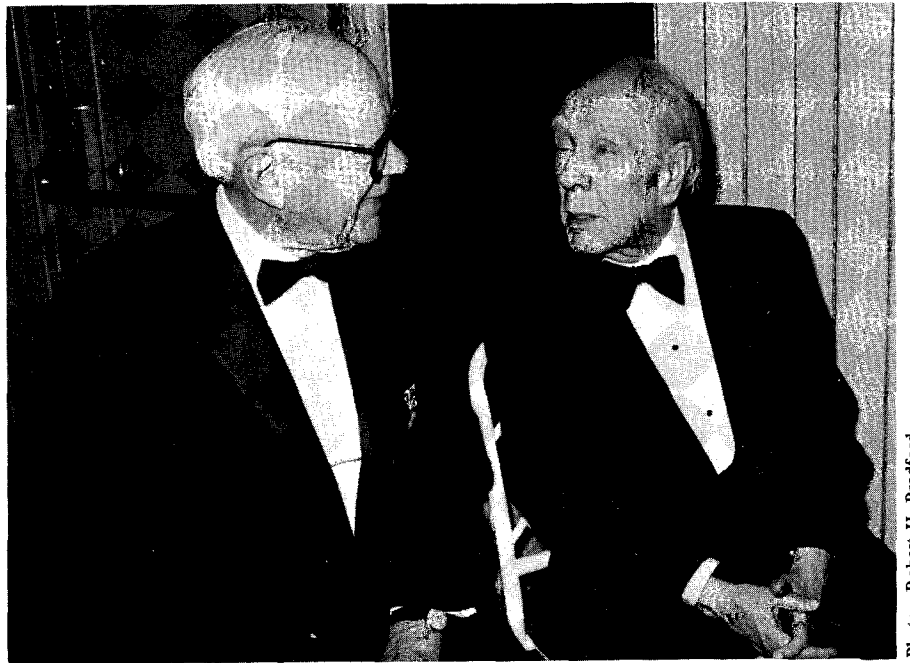
of the Executive Council for the Ingersoll Prizes, former Polish resistance fighter (against both the Germans and the Russians), novelist and essayist in both Polish and English. The awards, said Tyrmand, were established "to encourage those creative processes which will reassert the Western concept of freedom from which the American civilization—our common asset—has emerged."

The thesis, advanced by John Howard, president of both the Ingersoll Foundation and the Rockford Institute, is that "it is neither politics nor economics which determines the shape of history, but rather . . . the culture, as it forms beliefs and preferences and values and consequently human behavior." Civilization is built upon "a spe-

JOHN R. COYNE JR., a former NR editor and presidential speechwriter, now works for Standard Oil of Indiana.



Anne Willième delivering JB's speech



Award-winners Burnham and Borges

cific vision of order and virtue," and the Ingersoll Prizes serve as a symbol of gratitude to authors who epitomize those qualities in their work and lives.

It is perhaps arguable that Howard underestimates the force of politics and economics in shaping human history. But there is no doubt that both recipients have adhered throughout their careers to what Tyrmand calls the standards of "intellectual integrity and moral elegance."

James Burnham, for 25 years the brilliant theoretician and mentor to several generations of unruly young writers for this publication, needs no introduction to the readers of *NR*. His books—among them *The Managerial Revolution*, *The Machiavellians*, *Suicide of the West*, *Congress and the American Tradition*—have influenced all of us who have, as Burnham puts it, tried to relate political formulae to reality. And those of us who have worked with him will forever be in his debt for the example of intellectual dedication and rigorous analysis he set—even if it didn't always quite take.

But perhaps we can let Leopold Tyrmand sum up James Burnham's primary contributions to American culture. He put it this way: "In an era when liberal scholasticism began to impose dogmas on philosophy and politics, severely limited the perspectives of free inquiry, and restricted the notions of social morality to a rigid set

of anti-empirical prescriptions, Mr. Burnham had the courage to say 'no.'"

Borges may be less well known to *NR* readers, as he was to me. One writer recently described him this way: "Eighty-three years old, blind for nearly thirty of them; Argentinian by birth, yet citizen of the world; writer of poems, short stories, essays; speaker and reader of Icelandic, and four or five modern languages; honored by universities and governments . . ."

Borges is considered by many of his readers to be the world's greatest living writer, and the consensus seems to be that were he a man of the Left,

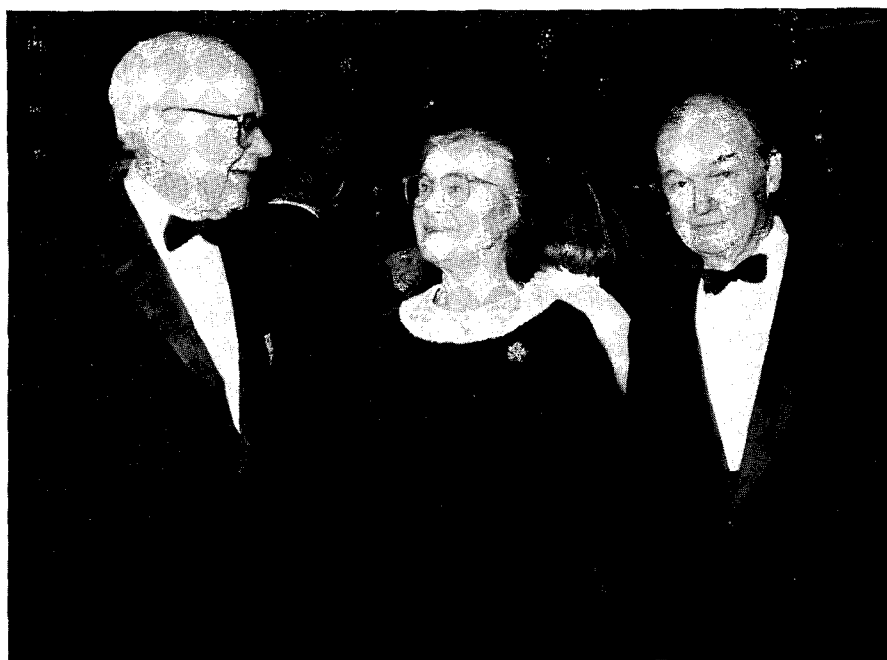
Borges 'is one of the great explorers of the spiritual territory'

like other celebrated Latin-American writers, he would long ago have won a Nobel Prize. But while it would be a mistake, I believe, to call him a man of the Right—he believes in neither politics nor ideology—he is conservative in the profoundest sense. Again, the eloquent Mr. Tyrmand sums it up: "Jorge Borges is one of the great explorers of the spiritual territory where

the mystery of human destiny intertwines with fundamental moral concerns. As such, he is a conservative thinker whose reverence for the past as the primary agent of both the present and the future has achieved a most intriguing and poetic expression."

There is some question as to whether any great writer can be anything but conservative, a point well made during the awards banquet by Ronald Berman, former director of the National Endowment for the Humanities. But this was not an ideological gathering, and those in attendance seemed to agree with the point made in James Burnham's acceptance speech: "An ideology is a normative commitment posing as a science, or as a universally valid philosophy. It cannot be refuted by evidence or rational analysis; so long as the commitment holds, it is irrefutable."

There was no evidence at the Ritz-Carlton that evening of what Burnham called "the straitjacket of ideology." Quite the contrary. If such a phrase can be used, it was an intellectually ecumenical gathering. Among the sponsors were William J. Bennett, current chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities; Henry Regnery, one of the last great bookmen and independent publishers; Maria Tallchief, the lovely and stately lady who has helped make the Chicago City Ballet nationally respected; and Saul



JB greets old friends, the Henry Regnerys



Chicago City Ballet's Maria Tallchief

Bellow, about whom no commentary is required.

A diverse group, a variety of political leanings, but one common thread—a deep belief in John Howard's "specific vision of order and virtue," Leopold Tyrmand's "intellectual integrity and moral elegance," and James Burnham's "truthfulness and rationality." And that, in the end, is what conservatism is all about.

The guests at the Ritz-Carlton on that December evening came from a variety of directions. There was Rebecca Feinstein, the world-renowned dancer, who came in from the Left. There was Borges, coming in from the world of pure art and culture. There was James Burnham, who came in four decades ago from Trotsky's Fourth International. And there was Henry Regnery, who came in on a straight line from the old Right, and during his journey did perhaps more than any other publisher in the United States to preserve the culture that the awards banquet affirmed and celebrated.

The impressions of the evening are varied. But perhaps the most vivid is of James Burnham's acceptance speech. His health has not been good recently, and although he was in fine spirits and obviously enjoying the company, he asked his granddaughter, Anne, to read the speech he had written. It was a splendid speech. And a splendid performance. She spoke in a clear, precise

voice. Although a trace of nervousness surfaced occasionally, the sincerity and controlled emotion were unmistakable. And it was a haunting speech, for in it Burnham set out to summarize a full life lived with and for ideas.

He began with a discussion of his odyssey from the "empty ideological mumbo-jumbo" of Trotskyism to the pragmatic and analytic view of men, organizations, and nations for which he became famous. He touched on the main points of his works, with the emphasis on a dissection of ideology.

Burnham set out to summarize a full life lived with and for ideas

("... the ideology of liberalism, as I defined it in *Suicide of the West*, is no different from the ideology of the Communists. Where the latter has generally been the ideology of an aggressive, expansionist Soviet state, the former has been the ideology of Western suicide.")

The analysis was not totally detached, however. "As I observed, a touch playfully, in the opening lines of my book *Congress and the Ameri-*

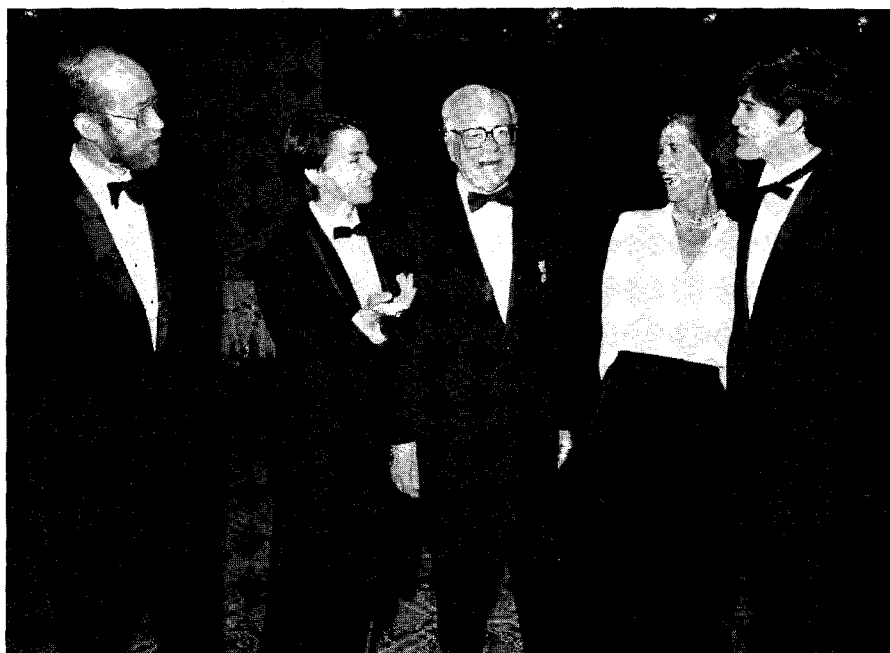
can Tradition [published, incidentally, by Regnery], 'In ancient times, before the illusions of science had corrupted traditional wisdom, the founders of cities were known to be gods or demigods.' Therefore, any analysis of human history "should make at least a minor allowance for magic, or luck, or divine favor."

From there, in a few brief strokes, Burnham proceeded to advance a theory of Western civilization that blended Christianity with Greek philosophy. This theory, he concluded, had been expressed "by the greatest of all poets at the height of the Middle Ages—by Dante—when he writes, in *The Divine Comedy*, 'In the great seas of being, all things preserve a mutual order and this it is that maketh the Universe like unto God.'"

It was vintage Burnham, and it set the intellectual tone for that evening in early December in Chicago. But perhaps the strongest emotional chord was struck by Borges. In his brief acceptance speech, he put it this way: "As all men, the writer is given all things—the moon, the stars, beliefs, the myths..." It is the job of the writer, he concluded, "to render all things into fables."

"Tonight I feel strongly justified. I think of every one of you as my personal friends."

On that December night in Chicago, the feeling was mutual. □



JB flanked on left by son John and granddaughter Anne Williême, on right by daughter Marcia Williême and grandson James Roy Burnham



Leopold Tyrmand adjusts the mike for Jorge Luis Borges

ABROAD

MOSCOW

The Last Enemy

The last hangman of the Stalin era, Semyon Denisovich Ignatiev, former minister of state security, has died at the age of 79. His death is a reminder of the brutality with which the Stalin regime governed until the last moments of the dictator's life. It was Ignatiev who contrived, at Stalin's behest, the famous "Doctors' Plot" of early 1953, just before Stalin's final illness. At least 15 high-ranking Soviet doctors were arrested, tortured, and forced to confess to having poisoned leading Soviet figures. The doctors were accused of having been Zionist agents or, alternatively, of having been members of the British secret service. According to a contemporary report, Stalin planned to make the doctors submit to a show trial and then hang them publicly in Red Square, a ceremony that was to launch a vast pogrom against Soviet Jews. Other accounts say that the Doctors' Plot was no more than the overture to one of the periodic purges of party cadres. In any case the tyrant died before his motives were fully evident. Ignatiev was also responsible for other campaigns of terrorism, notably the "Crimean Affair," which resulted in the torture and execution of all of Russia's remaining Yiddish writers. After Stalin's demise, Ignatiev was dismissed first from his post and then from the Central Committee Secretariat, following an accusation by *Izvestia* of "political blindness and lack of vigilance." Nevertheless, unlike many of his former colleagues, he survived to enjoy an honorable retirement under Stalin's successors. On his seventieth birthday he was awarded the Order of the October Revolution for "services to the Communist Party and the Soviet state."

WARSAW

The Roots of Bankruptcy

Polish economic planners—and their colleagues in other Eastern European Communist countries—are thoughtfully licking the wounds inflicted by their too rapid and too broad embrace of Western technology and production methods. According to a report issued by the Organization for European Economic Development, Poland in the Seventies, under the government of Edward Gierek, made far too heavy an investment in the West and has paid for it, principally and most visibly, in the Polish enterprises that were started with Western licenses and know-how and became dependent on their suppliers beyond the capacity of the Polish economy. The Gierek regime, in the euphoria of 1970s détente, jacked up its imports year after year by huge percentages through the power of its central-planning mechanism. Western technology thus implanted could not satisfy its demands within Poland, and so raw materials, components, and spare parts had to be imported at an equivalent rate. Today the Polish economy is almost bankrupt, and there can be no question any more of supplying these plants from the outside. Another reason for the failure of this Western orientation was that the Polish government was unable to create a potential for high-technology exports. Traditional exports, such as coal and foodstuffs, which could have been easily developed, were

neglected in favor of chemical and engineering products. The result was that a major percentage of hard-currency loans obtained in the West went for materials and servicing of existing structures and not for the development of new investment.

ST-LAURENT-SUR-MUR

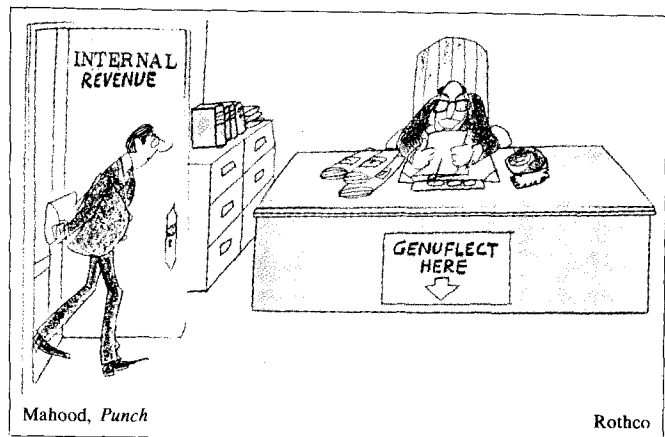
Remembrance

Thousands of Allied veterans are expected to visit the Normandy beaches this coming June, the fortieth anniversary of the D-Day landings and the last time, from both the actuarial and the sentimental point of view, that a really large and enthusiastic turnout can be counted on. Queen Elizabeth II of Britain will be among the commemorators and so, no doubt, will high dignitaries from the United States, not to mention France. On the twentieth anniversary, in 1964, General de Gaulle, then president of France, boycotted the celebrations on the grounds that French troops had not participated in the actual landings at Omaha, Utah, and other Normandy beaches. Instead, the general had been informed of the great invasion of his own country by a British regimental captain and without proper respect for what the French leader thought was his ceremonial, not to say his historic, position. The result, in 1964, was that embarrassed French local officials had to handle the entire burden of the exalted foreign visitation themselves, without the presence of so much as a ranking minister from Paris. This year, with General de Gaulle long gone from the scene, the surviving invaders will be greeted, not merely by local dignitaries, but by high-ranking members of François Mitterrand's government.

GREENHAM COMMON

Life-Threatening

Women demonstrators besieging the American Air Force base here in order to register their protests against the deployment of the cruise missile in Britain may unwittingly be responsible for the snuffing out of another form of life. The clearing of brushwood and scrub surrounding the long perimeter fence that forms the demonstrators' front line has resulted in the destruction of a rare butterfly, the Purple Emperor. But the military may be coming to the rescue with a promise to cover the emplacements in which the missiles are sited with special native plants that normally provide the Purple Emperor's preferred habitat. On the other hand, the ruckus caused by the demonstrations does not so far appear to have affected the local nightingales, six of whom were heard singing one day recently.



CONSERVE WHAT?

J. O. TATE

HAVING BEEN assured for twenty years by sensitive Yankees that they *like* the South—"The Atlanta airport is fine, and there was this Chinese restaurant, and . . ."—I am nearly convinced that the South no longer exists. If it did, why would strangers feel at home there? "Atlanta is not the South," I used to say; but now I'm not so sure. The land of the poll tax and the cotton boll—much to the relief of concerned aliens—is vanished, if not gone with the wind. In its place we have Confederate Toyota and Rebel Honda, Pizza Hut and Lockheed and Grumman, cable television and the ubiquitous whine of the air conditioner. Why not? In Paris, *le Big Mac est servi*; in Nairobi, Kentucky Fried Chicken is franchised. "The South" may have become merely the eastern Sunbelt, a handy retirement spot, a pleasing location for factories and corporations, and a useful handle for denominating items of literature and history and culture as seemingly remote, if not so important, as medieval Sicily.

So for good reason I am nearly convinced—but not quite. The cadences of accent, the remnants of specifically Southern forms of rhetoric and humor, the maintenance of familial and religious commitments, the private survival of a distinctive cuisine, the personal assertion of codes of honor and manners: These testify that "the South" is not—at least not yet—merely a geographical expression.

Do the contours and textures of words and ways themselves constitute a culture? Not on the national scene, unless you count Jimmy Carter and Jesse Jackson, or Ted Turner and Dolly Parton. Politically, the Solid South has not existed for years. Southern electoral votes matter, but a distinctively Southern political contribution does not exist. The rabble-rousing of Tom Watson and the gallus-snapping of Gene Talmadge are not missed, though the steady bipartisanship of Carl Vinson and Richard Russell may be.

There was a time when Southern political leaders were thinkers and orators, statesmen: Thomas Jefferson and James Madison, John Randolph and John C. Calhoun,

even Jefferson Davis and Alexander Hamilton Stephens. In the twentieth century, such Southern leadership has not existed. The most memorable of recent Southerners have by and large not been politicians—far from it. They were instead writers, poets and novelists, critics and academics, who constituted in themselves what is called the Southern Renaissance, which began after the First World War and continued after the Second. William Faulkner, in such works as *Absalom, Absalom!*, *Go Down, Moses*, and "A Rose for Emily," used his South as a vehicle for expressing the tensions of "the human heart in conflict with itself"; he found in history and community an image for projecting his own vision. But he also, after winning the Nobel Prize, wrote letters to the *New York Times* and elsewhere speaking out on issues of racial conflict, because he felt obliged to do so.

THOUGH FAULKNER was undoubtedly the greatest of Southern writers, his ventures into comment on matters of public policy are not of any particular interest today, except that Faulkner himself put them on record. Idiomatically and substantially Southern positions that do remain remarkable today are those collected in *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition*, by Twelve Southerners (Harper, 1930), a symposium that remains in print from the Louisiana State University Press (1977). *I'll Take My Stand* is still read and is widely regarded as, at least, one of the essential books of and about the South, belonging on the shelf with William Alexander Percy's *Lanterns on the Levee*, W. J. Cash's *The Mind of the South*, and C. Vann Woodward's *The Burden of Southern History*. Still as provocative as it is evocative, *I'll Take My Stand* transcends the context that inspired it, the intentions of the men who wrote it, and even its own Southern ethos.

One of the reasons for a continuing interest in *I'll Take My Stand* is a literary-historical fascination with the Fugitives, that group of poets associated with Vanderbilt University, including such men as John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, and Robert Penn Warren. The Fugitives had declared that they fled nothing faster than the Brahmins of the Old South. But it was a contempt for Southern ways and institutions as expressed in the national press that provoked their gathering with certain

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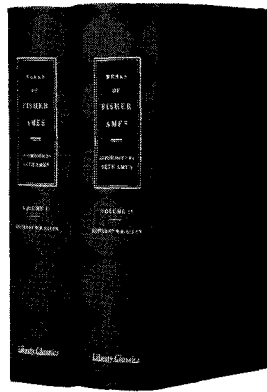
DINESH D'SOUZA is the editor of *Prospect* magazine at Princeton.

others to consummate a reply and a defense. The specific image that spurred H. L. Mencken's taunts and their stout rebuttal was the Dayton "Monkey Trial" of 1925.

Of varied quality and diverse modes of expression, the 12 contributions reflected the characters and interests of the men who wrote them. And these men were to pursue divergent destinies. Robert Penn Warren, for example, whose contribution, "The Briar Patch," was a defense of segregation—although it insisted on separate rights for the black man—went on to write *Segregation: The Legacy of the Civil War* and *Who Speaks for the Negro?* as well as the poems and novels he continues to compose. H. C. Nixon was also something more—or something less—than a "reactionary." Seeing a liberal position as a conservative one, he became regional consultant for the Civil Service Commission, director of the New Deal Louisiana Rural Rehabilitation Corporation, and chairman of the Southern Policy Commission.

However that may be, the "rediscovery" continues unabated. Thomas Daniel Young's *Waking Their Neighbors Up: The Nashville Agrarians Rediscovered* (University of Georgia Press, 1982) is a series of lectures made into a useful monograph, which elucidates the context, the rhetorical devices, and the truth of what the Agrarians had to say. Two recent symposia also extend recognition and understanding to the residual, accessible validity of the original impulse. *A Band of Prophets: The Vanderbilt Agrarians after Fifty Years* (edited by William C. Havard and Walter Sullivan; Louisiana State University Press, 1982) presents papers and discussions aired at Vanderbilt on the golden anniversary of *I'll Take My Stand*. Included are contributions by the three surviving Agrarians (Lyle Lanier, Andrew Lytle, and Robert Penn Warren), as well as their "fellow traveler," Cleanth Brooks, and instructive analyses by John Shelton Reed, Lewis P. Simpson, and George Core, among others. Another book, *Why the South Will Survive: Fifteen Southerners Look at Their Region a Half-Century after "I'll Take My Stand"* (University of Georgia Press, 1981), is a volume that dares comparison with the original. In reiterating old themes and identities, various contributors indicate that the Southern identity is not evaporated

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and that the original Agrarian assertions still have their power.

Fred Hobson writes in a spirit, and with a power of discrimination, that has a certain antecedence:

It was Atlanta, I recall, which proclaimed itself "The City Too Busy to Hate." An admirable sentiment in some ways. Atlanta did lead the lower South in racial progress; the city fathers, progressive liberals, genuinely desired racial harmony, not hatred. But why? Let Atlanta answer. It was the city too *busy* to hate. Not too humane, honorable, ethical, or even courteous, but too busy. Busy as in business; as the Oxford English Dictionary shows, the two words are related. Hating would be reported on CBS and would discourage Northern industry and commerce. . . . Atlanta was right, of course, but for the wrong reasons. . . . For all its cruelty and inhumanity, racism possessed a certain integrity, a commitment, however distorted and twisted. It would never sell out, never compromise simply to please. By contrast, public relations, to which Atlanta was committed, possessed no soul at all; it held only to the integrity of the dollar. Business required that Atlanta give up racism, so it did. . . .

I am being too hard on Atlanta. Whatever its motives, tolerance was better than hatred. Besides, Atlanta has problems enough: Its public schools deteriorate even faster than those elsewhere, and the City Too Busy to Hate records nearly a homicide a day. . . .

Marion Montgomery, in embracing Solzhenitsyn as a Southerner, lets on that

Jimmy Carter would seem to have been successful largely through his pragmatic skill in riding . . . antithetical positions at a time of confused spiritual crisis on the national level.

Since the Agrarian symposium, a host of Southern politicians not unlike Carter have maintained their base of local power largely through socialist programs, in spite of their national cartoon images as arch-conservatives. These politicians have argued in Congress for programs based on "conservative" principles—in the name of tradition, of the individual's birthright, of family and community. But beneath the surface of that posture has lain an egalitarianism which helps maintain local power but which gnaws at our regionalist principles like a cutworm at a tomato plant. . . .

George C. Rogers Jr. on "A Southern Political Tradition" and Thomas Fleming on "Southern Schooling and the Ancient Wisdom," among others, recapitulate, amplify, and extend the vision of the original Agrarians, which is nicely encapsulated by Clyde N. Wilson: ". . . Calvin Coolidge, H. L. Mencken, and Eugene Debs did not subsume all or even the best part of the American heritage."

All of which is welcome, and brings us back to *I'll Take My Stand* itself. Why should anyone read it today? And how should it be understood? The volume has a life of its own independent of the formidable careers of its best-known authors—though, to be sure, a study of the essays, memoirs, poems, short stories, novels, and letters

RANDOM NOTES

□ MORE JANUARY TITLES: *Our Goal: A Chronicle of the 1980 U.S. Olympic Hockey Team* (Harper & Row, \$13.95), by John Powers and Arthur C. Kaminsky, is the story of the assembling and training of the U.S. team that defeated the Russians at Lake Placid four years ago. It does nothing to make this quadrennial spectacle of international frivolity in particular or competitive sports in general more attractive. . . . For those who still admit an interest in the subject, there is a second book on the modern Olympics coming this season called *The Games Must Go On: Avery Brundage and the Olympic Movement* (Columbia, \$19.95), by Allen Guttman—the biography of the man who served twenty years on the International Olympic Committee and sought to have Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union included as participants in the games.

Doing Business with the Japanese (NAL, \$13.50), by Mitchell F. Deutsch,

formerly an employee of a Japanese company, explains how American businessmen may deal profitably, and to the satisfaction of both parties, with their Japanese counterparts.

□ SOME FEBRUARY TITLES: *In Religion in the Secular City: Toward a Post-Modern Theology* (Simon & Schuster, \$16.95), Harvey Cox argues that we are due for a worldwide religious awakening, the principal movers of which will be Third World and female liberationists, blacks and poor whites in America, and so forth. This is of course a reversal of his thesis in *The Secular City*, but what the hell—Cox hasn't even got modernism figured yet.

The Education of Jack Newfield (St. Martin's, \$12.95), by Jack Newfield, is a collection of 19 articles on assorted subjects by a *Village Voice* veteran.

Michael Binyon's *Life in Russia* (Pantheon, \$15.95) is the latest addition to a hot travel genre by a journalist who for four years reported to the *London Times* from the USSR after spending a year teaching English at a school in Minsk. —CW

produced by Ransom, Davidson, Tate, Warren, and Lytle is an education in itself. Furthermore, the volume speaks not only to Southerners about their land, but to all citizens about fundamental assumptions. Southern "sectionalism" or "regionalism" is—as the Agrarians well knew—only one form of resistance to monolithic change, "progress," the breaking down of the familiar, the crushing of "the cake of custom," which every group that can identify itself has faced and must confront. The agonies of assimilation, the struggle for identity, and the obliteration of tradition are the legitimate concerns of all sorts of ethnic, religious, and racial groups. The proper response to revolutionary changes wrought by "economic development" is perhaps the modern dilemma, whether in Flowery Branch or Kinshasa.

Perhaps the title of the work—whistling "Dixie" as it does—was unfortunate in assuring that the Agrarians would be treated as neo-Confederates, Southern reactionaries, literary cranks. An alternative that was considered was *Tracts against Communism*. Yet the awareness, the sophistication of the Agrarian vision remains a globally available wisdom.

The question that the Agrarians posed in their historical moment was, as they put it, "Agrarian versus Industrial." As they understood it, the problem ran deep, and I would say that their "Statement of Principles" remains a formidable challenge today. In the newspapers and journals, the employed and unemployed are discussed as if they were so many ciphers; and this by the Right, which ought to know better, as well as by the predictable Left. Who talks about human beings any more? The Agrarians did:

The first pretext of a good labor is that it must be effective, but the second is that it must be enjoyed. Labor is one of the largest items in the human career; it is a modest demand to ask that it may partake of happiness.

The philosophy of applied science is generally quite sure that

the saving of labor is a pure gain, and that the more of it the better. This is to assume that labor is an evil, that only the end of labor or the material product is good. On this assumption labor becomes mercenary and servile, and it is no wonder if many forms of modern labor are accepted without resentment though they are evidently brutalizing. The act of labor as one of the happy functions of human life has been in effect abandoned, and is practiced solely for its rewards.

Indeed, the Agrarians saw industrial development itself as a threat to all they held dear—a threat mentioned in the same breath with socialism and Communism:

The apologists of industrialism . . . see the system righting itself spontaneously and without direction: They are Optimists. Sometimes they rely on the benevolence of capital, or the militancy of labor, to bring about a fairer division of the spoils: They are Cooperationists or Socialists. And sometimes they expect to find super-engineers, in the shape of Boards of Control, who will adapt production to consumption and regulate prices and guarantee business against fluctuations: They are Sovietists. With respect to this last it must be insisted that the true Sovietists and Communists . . . are the Industrialists themselves.

Were the Agrarians truly “a band of prophets”? If so, what prophets have ever been so “wrong”? Not only the South but the whole world, it seems, has—since 1930, if not before—embraced the statism that the Agrarians resisted. “Economic development” is a golden calf and a sacred cow anywhere you look. But if the Agrarians were weak on answers, they were strong on questions—questions that have not been answered but that must sooner or later be addressed. Seeing the modern environment itself as a threat to human values, they exhorted the South to stay “backward” and “old-fashioned.” Now that the South is neither, the immediate cause of their adjurations can no longer blind the reader to the universality of their vision of things, which, embodying an informal definition of man’s nature, belongs to anyone and everyone willing to see it. The implication of this today is that it is the duty of responsible conservatives to question the complete identification of the immediate financial/political interests of big corporations with their own larger concerns. Organ-

izations referring with bland arrogance to their pyramidal power systems as a “family” either lie, or are telling us that the fundamental constituent unit of society has been atomized into whatever money can buy. (Considering the divorce rate, we might say the corporations are right.)

The Agrarians thought that “Religion can hardly expect to flourish in an industrial society. . . . Nor do the arts have a proper life under industrialism, with the general decay of sensibility which attends it.” Whether this is self-evident may depend on the listener; but that listener must turn off his Sony Walkman before he can hear. The Agrarians were not unwilling to make pronouncements that I believe can be directly demonstrated to be true by a walk down a city street:

The amenities of life also suffer under the curse of a strictly business or industrial organization. They consist in such practices as manners, conversation, hospitality, sympathy, family life, romantic love—in the social exchanges which reveal and develop sensibility in human affairs.

Our stroll would be necessarily brief for reasons too embarrassing to our culture—and to the police—to enumerate. But finding manners off-the-rack, conversation an exchange of status symbols, hospitality a business lunch and tax write-off, sympathy non-existent, family life a situation comedy, and romantic love herpified, we might be better off avoiding the subject of the amenities altogether.

■ ALSO SUGGEST that neither the business executive, the military officer, the academic drone, nor the government functionary could honestly consider the following without at least a twinge of recognition:

It is strange, of course, that a majority of men anywhere could ever as with one mind become enamored of industrialism: a system that has so little regard for individual wants. There is evidently a kind of thinking that rejoices in setting up a social objective which has no relation to the individual. Men are prepared to sacrifice their private dignity and happiness to an abstract social ideal, and without asking whether the social ideal produces the welfare of any individual man whatsoever.



But this is absurd. The responsibility of men is for their own welfare and that of their neighbors; not for the hypothetical welfare of some fabulous creature called society.

I'll Take My Stand remains today a cry of outrage against abstraction, mechanization, dehumanization, and mass society. Written in a tradition of the pastoral, as Professor Louis D. Rubin has pointed out, it remains a "rebuke" that cannot be answered by being ignored. Paradoxically, the Agrarian insistence that life on the land was necessary in some way for a fitting human environment has become today's modish cliché, the first resort of amiable and fanatical environmentalists as well as the vacation-fantasy of every Winnebago-owner and backpacker. Above all, the volume asks us, what would you conserve? The virtual disappearance of subsistence farming does not render the question obsolete, any more than vain attempts by the Left make a concern for the land exclusively a bourgeois-bohemian preserve.

As a rebuke to thoughtless activity and aimless busyness, the Southern volume has not a little in common with the crotchety and poetic reflections written generations before by a Yankee who was later to inspire Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. I wonder if the people who cite his name so often today ever turn off the Betamax long enough to consider his words:

Our inventions are wont to be pretty toys, which distract our attention from serious things. They are but improved means to an unimproved end, an end which it was already but too easy to arrive at—as railroads lead to Boston or New York. We are in great haste to construct a magnetic telegraph from Maine to Texas; but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. Either is in such a predicament as the man who was earnest to be introduced to a distinguished deaf woman, but when he was presented, and one end of her ear trumpet was put into his hand, had nothing to say. As if the main object were to talk fast and not to talk sensibly. We are eager to tunnel under the Atlantic and bring the old world

some weeks nearer to the new; but perchance the first news that will leak through into the broad, flapping American ear will be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping cough.

The words are those of Thoreau, of course, from *Walden, or, Life in the Woods* (1854). His name, associated as it is with civil disobedience and an admiration for John Brown, may serve to remind us that since the 1950s the walls of segregation have come tumbling down; and that the South, to some degree at least, now has the opportunity to integrate not only its races but its life. It was the integration of existence and awareness—unity of being—that Thoreau and the Agrarians were ultimately driving at.

I'll Take My Stand should remind present-day conservatives that what is most vital is their rightful turf. The Agrarians knew that conserving what is most worthy is, finally, not retrospective, because it is a mental and physical activity aimed at future generations. The good society remains forever to be created in people's minds as in physical reality. Even the word "radical" is legitimate conservative property. As Allen Tate wrote, "Reaction is the most radical of programs; it aims at cutting away the overgrowth and getting back to the roots. A forward-looking radicalism is a contradiction; it aims at rearranging the foliage."

As for the South, it must, like other regions, do the best it can, which is to say it must do better to preserve those rituals and usages, icons and structures, understandings and identities that define a distinct culture; or else it is in danger of losing its soul. And the South must remember—though not the South alone—the sagacity of Stark Young's words as he took his stand: "Though the South, not . . . other parts of the country, is our subject, we must remember that we are concerned first with a quality itself, not as our own but as found anywhere, and that we defend certain qualities not because they belong to the South, but because the South belongs to them." □

WHY COMPROMISE?

Dinesh D'Souza

Abortion: A Case Study in Law and Morals, by Fred M. Frohock
Greenwood, 201 pp., \$29.95

UNDER WHAT circumstances is it appropriate to kill your child? That's really the crux of the abortion debate. There is no doubt—legal, medical, or moral—about what defines a human being; even abortion advocates admit as much. The issue is: What external criteria may be used to justify killing human beings? Professor Frohock uses this line of argument to Scotch-tape over the cracks in the ten-year-old *Roe v. Wade* Supreme Court decision legalizing abortion, which he admits

was "a dubious attempt to find and extend various privacy values in the Constitution." Professor Frohock suggests, instead, a defense of *Roe* that is framed in terms of sexual equality.

Just as racial integration was considered a sufficiently important affirmation of our vaunted constitutional principle of equality to justify the lives lost in race riots, so also sexual equality may be so obvious a constitutional imperative as to be extended to the woman *whether or not* the fetus has the right to life. In other words, Frohock argues, the right to equality takes precedence over the right to life.

His alternative defense of *Roe* is a sophisticated form of the "convenience" argument. Yes, the fetus may constitute human life, but the taking of human life is a price worth paying for

the sexual convenience, or equality, of women. To most people this is a horrifying proposition, but it is at least consistent.

It is not clear whether Frohock finds this argument persuasive, or even whether he personally favors abortion. But this and numerous other lines of reasoning pursued in *Abortion: A Case Study in Law and Morals* reflect the author's attempt to wade through the swamp of charges, countercharges, and hyperbole in which the abortion debate is mired.

Speaking as a former fetus, I am opposed to abortion; nevertheless I find, in this book, the most forceful cases stated in behalf of both the pro-life and pro-choice positions, with original arguments posted for both sides. For example, Frohock uses John Rawls's

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Theory of Justice to suggest that a society operating behind a "veil of ignorance" would legislate against abortion. He also adapts Pascal's probability argument for a belief in God to argue for the pro-life cause. Pascal reasoned that the risk of not believing in God if He exists (eternal damnation) outweighs the risk of believing in Him if He doesn't (metaphysical deception). So, Frohock maintains, the risk run by society in killing fetuses if they should turn out to be human persons with rights outweighs the risk of letting them live and abridging women's right to privacy if fetuses turn out not to be persons with rights.

At the same time Frohock chastises the pro-life movement for its failure to recognize that the right to life is conditional, not absolute. If a man in a park is starving to death and another man is eating a sandwich (but refuses to share), does the starver have a "right to life" that justifies his forcibly taking the other man's food? It would seem not. At the same time, Frohock concedes, a right to life does subsume the right not to be killed without justification.

After an impressive plunge into the legal and moral issues that affect the abortion debate, however, Frohock splashes disappointingly to the surface. Perhaps the very ingenuity of his various arguments convinces him that matters are so complicated that—in his words—"a compromise resolution will have to be constructed and proposed."

But why compromise? And who's going to? Frohock takes the view that a society cannot survive without moral consensus, and that when the consensus breaks down (as in the case of abortion) coercion takes its place (as has happened). It is thus imperative that a compromise be negotiated before social fissures become too deep.

Frohock believes that it is in the interests of both the pro-life and pro-choice camps to strike a bargain. Here his reasoning parallels that of Hobbes in his defense of authority. Just as, in the logic of the *Leviathan*, humans prefer the discomfort of authority to the carnage of continued conflict, so Frohock argues that compromise on abortion is preferable to the risks of social division, late-term abortions, and, yes, control of women's bodies by the state. "The cleanest compromise is a social practice that permits abortions early in term, prohibits middle- and late-term abortions," he suggests. His may be, politically, the only workable basis for the consensus he seeks, but it is intellectually unfortunate to opt out of a serious moral debate by selecting a view that, even if viable, is not the least bit consistent. □

FILM

MEN ALOFT, WOMAN ADRIFT

John Simon

SINCE MY fellow film critic in these pages, Bill Buckley, has already reviewed *The Right Stuff*, and inasmuch as I substantially agree with his assessment, I shall keep this short. Philip Kaufman's script and direction try to be faithful both to Tom Wolfe's book (which I have read about enough to feel I have read it), with its arch-conservatism, and to Kaufman's own views, a mixture of San Francisco hip (i.e., liberal verging on radical) and Hollywood movie buff (i.e., retrograde). What emerges is a mighty peculiar hybrid, like a giant *nouvelle cuisine* hamburger. It isn't unpalatable, and it has

both sociological and comic-strip interest, but it certainly isn't art.

"The right stuff" is, of course, unquestioning do-or-die courage, which Wolfe in his tongue-in-cheek way nevertheless celebrates, but Kaufman accepts only with modifications. Hence he makes Chuck Yeager—the test pilot who, with several broken ribs and a broken arm, broke the sound barrier—into the strong, silent hero of wagon-loads of Westerns, a fellow who breaks his silence only to drop a saltily laconic epigram or to pay his beautiful, strong-willed, toughly playful wife the odd, toughly playful compliment. This is the film's real hero, a combination Nimrod and Penrod, an airy Gary Cooper in times that test men's planes as well as souls, and as far removed from the wiles of Odysseus as from the sorrows of Aeneas. As Sam Shepard plays him, with a slightly snaggle-toothed countercultural charm, he is clearly meant, as the hero who performs for neither money nor fame but only for the simple joy of excellence, to overshadow the seven dwarfed astronauts.

Yet the Mercury gang of seven are also viewed with warm sentiments, albeit with a collusive or even conspiratorial slap on the back rather than with the falling over backward reserved for Yeager. The astronauts are jolly or grim, clean-cut or less than clean-living fellows from various branches of the service, and they go in for rivalries and razzing, pranks and put-ons, and the rest of the American post-but-not-quite-past-school repertoire. There are even hard arguments between the philandering Grissom and the monogamous Glenn, and, again, between the foul-mouthed Alan Shepard and the clean-spoken Glenn. But against exploitation by the media and oppression by NASA and the government, the astronauts form a kind of comradely, indeed labor, union and—spunkily, cunningly, gainfully—outsmart the scientists and politicians (heavily caricatured) as well as the media and medical authorities, including a stereotypical mannish tyrant of a nurse, who subject them to unspeakable endurance tests.

What the film is saying—I don't know how consciously—is that there is a supreme, solitary, epic heroism as well as, a step or two below, an in-group resilience, resourcefulness, and strength through solidarity, and that there are moments when the seven



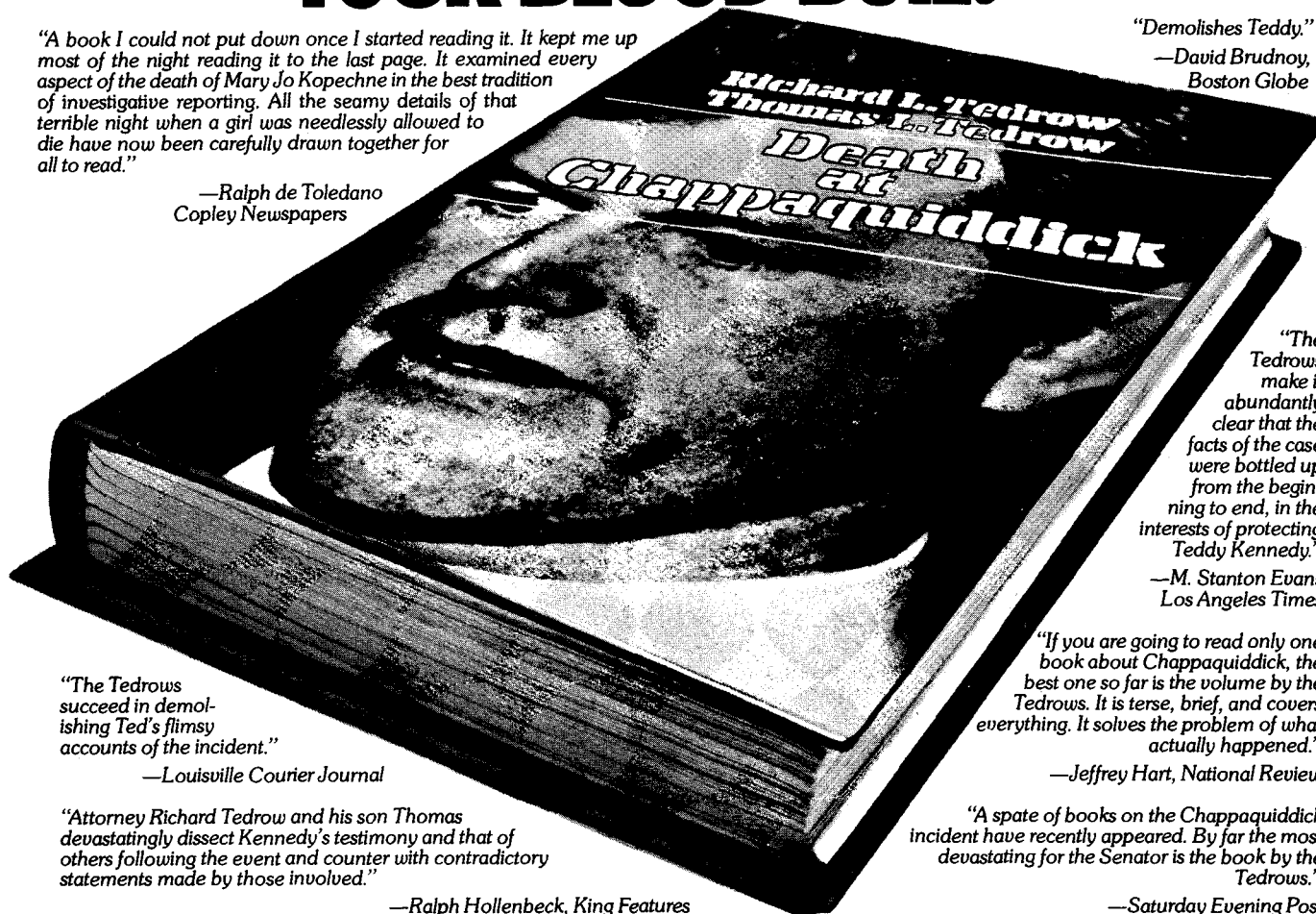
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commercially hagiographized, hosannaed, and well-remunerated heroes are almost as valorous as the unsung and nearly unpaid Yeager. But by far the most effective scenes are the ones involving Grissom's semi-failed space flight (the capsule sinks, probably but not necessarily through the astronaut's panicking) and its aftereffects on Grissom's marriage and mentality; and the one in which the congenitally badly stuttering Mrs. Glenn phones her husband awaiting takeoff into space to ask, wretchedly and almost speechlessly, whether she must go on TV with the publicity-seeking LBJ, and Glenn, despite the threat of serious reprisals, indignantly and lovingly confirms her in her wish for privacy. These sequences, and a few others, show a rich blend of human strength and weakness, and if there were more of them, the movie might have been major instead of merely entertaining, uneven, and, at 192 minutes, overlong.

Still, there is enough right with *The Right Stuff* to earn recommendation. There are a dozen or two superb performances, and only two minor bad ones: Royal Dano's hammily symbolic Death figure is a piece of cheap attitudinizing by the script and probably could not be played well; but Pancho (a woman!), who runs a desert cantina with wall-to-wall pictures of dead airmen for Camp Edwards pilots to noisily relax in—an *hommage* to *Only Angels Have Wings*—is further damaged by Kim Stanley's mannered performance. The cinematography by Caleb Deschanel is first-rate, whether in a

genuine desert or in cleverly simulated outer space, with fine special effects by Jordan Belson out of Moholy-Nagy. There are compelling sound effects (except for a mangy score by Bill Conte, a usable hack where a true composer was needed), good although old-fashioned direction (the hammered-in crosscutting between the astronauts at the Astro dome reveling in Sally Rand's fan dance and Yeager going it alone in a yet more ferociously intractable plane is clobbering rather than edifying), and ingenious fake location work with Northern California standing in for everything from New York to the Antipodes. This, along with often tart or canny dialogue, garners a sprinkling of esteem along with a good measure of enjoyment.



ANOTHER LONG-AWAITED, multimillion-dollar venture proves, contrariwise, to be totally despicable. *Yentl*, unsteadily based on I. B. Singer's colorful tale, is a project Barbra Streisand has been hatching for some 15 years; the result is a monstrous rubber pterodactyl, inflated with an egomania more monumental than Miss Streisand's beak. The Singer story is about a shtetl girl, Yentl, who, motherless from infancy, falls in love with her father's religious book-learning. When Papa too dies, she refuses to accept the Jewish order whereby only men can become scholars and theologians while women must be wives and mothers. So she disguises herself as a young man, Anshel, becomes a Yeshiva student in another town, falls in love with her handsome fellow student Avigdor, and, when the latter is rejected as a suitor by the family of Hadass, his beloved, because of suicide in *his* family, marries Hadass herself at Avigdor's urging, so as to keep the girl in, as it were, *their* family.

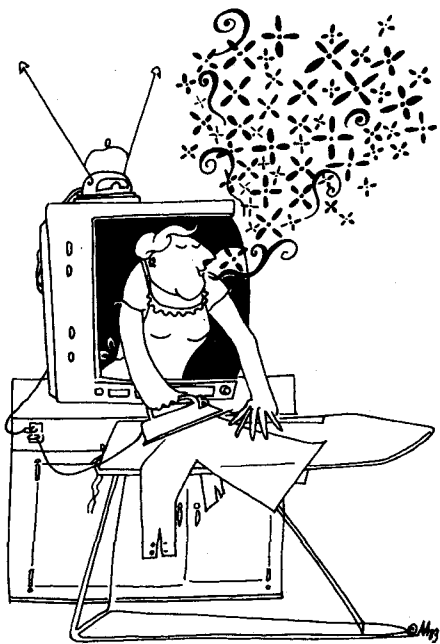
Thus *Yentl* is really about the fantastic lengths to which love of learning and love of another being can drive a person, and the funny-sad results. In the story, after Yentl reveals her femaleness to Avigdor and her unhusbandliness to Hadass and her family, she goes off to yet another shtetl, into solitude and, presumably, the solace of books. But the problem with Streisand—especially when she is functioning as producer, co-writer, director, star, and only singer on the soundtrack (nobody else is allowed one

note)—is that her repertoire in love is as limited as her repertoire in acting: Though she can convey voracious love of self with revolting conviction, passionate love of books and of another being is categorically beyond her means.

IN THE MOVIE, co-scripted by Streisand and Jack Rosenthal, shtetl life is gussied up to the *n*th degree, as befits the setting of so precious a jewel as Barbra. These poor or better-off Jews live in Hollywood ranch-style modern, rather like the characters in a Forties or Fifties film located in or around Palm Springs; Barbra even gets to wear a pillbox-shaped skullcap worthy of Yves St. Laurent, while everyone else must make do with the conventional model. The camera is almost never off Barbra's face, though that is much the least photogenic object to cross its path, and when it reluctantly tears itself away, it does so only to document Yentl's point of view. And David Watkin, that marvelous cameraman, has clearly been instructed to shoot everything as if made of spun sugar and lit up by its private rainbow (Barbra's covenant with the Lord?), so that just looking at it will give you acute indigestion.

And I am not even talking of Streisand's performance, which is rather less bad as Anshel than, earlier, as Yentl. It seems that, even though she's a novice at it, Streisand is a better male impersonator than, despite years of practice, a female one. There is a scene that attains the ridiculous sublime: Barbra reveals to Mandy Patinkin that she is a woman; overcome, Avigdor proceeds to touch and gush about the beauty of Yentl's various parts—forehead, eyes, mouth, skin—carefully skirting an object as unmentionable as the name of God is to an Orthodox Jew. There's a moment's pause as his hand falters, and you think, "He's finally noticed IT!" But no, he goes on to eulogize some other outlying feature—the ears, perhaps.

On top of all this comes a score that's stultifyingly ponderous enough to knock out a herd of oxen. That always tawdry, indeed garish, composer, Michel Legrand, who has long since lost whatever pseudo-talent he had, has ground out sounds of exemplary vulgarity produced by what must be a two-hundred-piece orchestra, for which that utterly untalented Holly-



wood couple, Alan and Marilyn Bergman, have concocted lyrics of surpassing banality. Blared at us from the soundtrack while the action goes on around Barbra, they are meant to represent her stream of consciousness, and give rise to a new genre to be called inferior monologue.

The final sequence is an apotheosis. Dressed to kill on a shabby, emigrant-crowded boat to America, Yentl has obviously bought an entire deck for herself, where, unimpeded, she performs a number parlously close to "Don't Rain on My Parade." For this parade, rain would be too good. □

SOUND ON DISC

PERFORMING THE SONATAS

Ralph de Toledano

WE ARE TOLD that Beethoven was possessed by passion and logic, by angels and demons, by tenderness and fury, by the tragic sense of life—that his last five piano sonatas, the greatest music written for that instrument, were metaphysics translated into sound. Though Beethoven was a virtuoso of the piano and knew the precise function of the notes he set down on paper, we are told that passages in the sonatas are unplayable—a belief that Ferruccio Busoni dealt with half a century later in the paradox that "everything is possible on the piano, even when it is impossible to you, or really so."

Yet in contemplating those overarching works—scores that pushed the instrument to a point beyond which no other composer would go—it is wise to remember that for Beethoven form transcended unbridled inspiration. As one critic has noted, even where the poetic idea suggested a sacrifice of form, Beethoven resisted the temptation. At no time was he massaging his psyche. This is something to bear in mind when considering the *performance* of the last sonatas.

And it is performance that concerns us today. Had there been recording equipment in Beethoven's time, we would know exactly how he wanted these sonatas played. Karl Czerny, who studied under Beethoven and annotated the sonatas, gives us many im-

portant indications. But he argued with Beethoven, who screamed back at him, that the composer's *tempi* were wrong—that the sonatas should be played more slowly—and generations of pianists were led astray. Changing musical styles also took their toll. Where Beethoven insisted on strict time, later interpreters indulged in *tempo rubato*. Where he demanded a "perfect" *legato*, we are sometimes treated to clip-clop. Yet Beethoven's directions were as precise as he could make them. In the opening passages of Opus 111, for example, he marks his score *allegro con brio ed appassionato*, moves to *meno allegro*, then to several measures *ritardando*, and follows this with *poi a*

poi sempre più allegro. Since he had defined by metronome what each of these terms meant, there can be no mistaking his intent.

For years, Artur Schnabel was for me, and for others more knowledgeable, the interpreter of the Beethoven sonatas. He edited them, researching surviving documents, and recorded the entire cycle for HMV in Europe. Though he sometimes hit wrong notes and was seduced by Czerny, he played them with what might be called an intellectual lyricism. Walter Gieseking explored the sonorities and Edwin Fischer invoked a classical delicacy. More recently, I turned to Rudolf Serkin, whose fine musicianship brought

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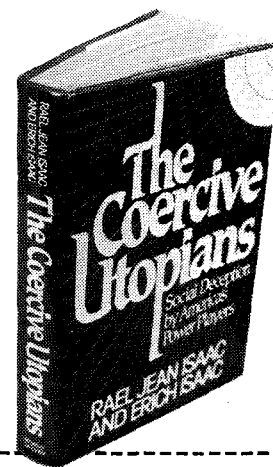
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him closer to Beethoven. And there were others who gave me new insights into the music.

Now I have come upon what is unique for the last sonatas—superb performance, interpretation, and recorded quality—in Paul Badura-Skoda's *Les Cinq Dernières Sonates pour le Piano-forte*. The three-record album (AS 909, \$35.94) was issued by Astrée in France and is distributed in this country by Audio-Source (1185 Chess Drive, Foster City, Calif. 94404; phone: 415-574-7585). Simply as a recording of solo piano, this album is remarkable for its fidelity, as if the piano were in the room with us. It is the best I have

ever heard. We owe this excellence to the recording engineers, of course, but also to the acoustics of the Baumgartner Casino in Vienna, a small hall appropriate for the instrument Badura-Skoda plays.

That instrument is a Conrad Graf 1824 Hammerflügel, almost identical to the forte-piano Graf made for Beethoven. The Graf piano has Viennese action, in which the key is directly connected to the hammer. It produces a sensitive, clear tone, softer in volume than that of the English-action pianos Beethoven had previously used—pianos that were stiffer and more powerful, and forbidding in rapid passages. Start-

ing with Opus 101, the first of the last sonatas, Beethoven wrote for the Graf piano, which alone can meet the demands of these sonatas, and makes playable those “unplayable” passages that so concerned later interpreters.

Beethoven made it perhaps his first law of performance that music must be played as the composer intended it to be played. With this in mind, Badura-Skoda embarked on a complete and thorough study of the composer's notes, manuscripts, and commentaries—as well as what Beethoven's contemporaries had written and done. In his “interpretation,” therefore, he comes as close as is humanly possible to what

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

THERE HAS been some confusion,” John W. Whitehead remarks in the preface to his book *The Freedom of Religious Expression in the Public High Schools* (Crossway Books/Good News Publishers, Westchester, Ill. 60153; paper, \$3.95), “surrounding the rights of religious persons to express themselves in the public schools.” At the heart of this confusion, as Whitehead clearly demonstrates, is the widespread superstition, among religious people and secular humanists alike, that the courts have mandated by their decisions a nationwide policy barring religious discussion and activity from public institutions of learning. Yet such is not the fact. Rather, the most “liberal” court decisions of recent times regarding academic rights and freedoms have actually augmented earlier judicial interpretations of the First Amendment far more in harmony with the intent of its Framers.

Enough counter-revisionary work has been done over the past years that nobody should be any longer in doubt about the high esteem in which the Constitutional Convention held institutionalized religion, or about the extreme importance it attached to it as a keystone of democratic government and a free society. Plainly put, the United States was founded by religious men and dedicated, one is tempted to say after rereading the Declaration of Independence, almost to a religious purpose. (The religious fervor with which Democracy was often celebrated by nineteenth-century writers merely seals this impression.)

If the Framers intuitively understood the need for public education in a representative democracy, by “education” they understood, among other things, religious instruction. The Northwest Ordinance of 1787, for example—which laid the foundation for the American public-school system and was enacted by the same Congress that drafted the Constitution—states quite plainly that “Religion, morality, and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of learning shall forever be encouraged.” As Whitehead reminds us, the McGuffey Readers, which were published from 1836 until 1920, openly employed the essentials of Christian belief as what modern educators call a “teaching tool.” And so, historically, as Whitehead says,

Instead of taking a position of strict neutrality (the absolute separation of church and state), the United States Supreme Court has taken the approach of “accommodating neutrality.” This position holds that the First Amendment was intended to maintain a proper relationship between government and religion. Thus, although there may be a “wall of separation” between church and state, it is not an impregnable wall. As a consequence, not all relationships between government and religion are unconstitutional. In other words, the state can accommodate or aid religion in certain circumstances.

If the rights of religious people have been the subject of “confusion,” those of minors are the subject of

very little confusion at all, the courts having latterly made it clear that people below the age of consent are entitled to all the protections the Constitution extends to adults, including First Amendment guarantees.

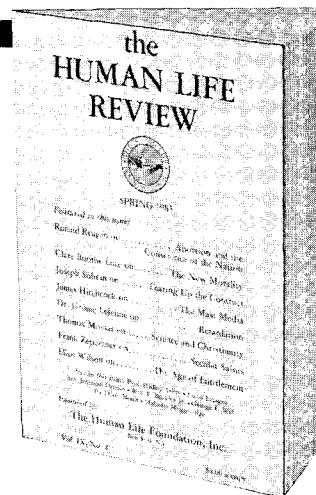
WHETHER WHITEHEAD is actually pleased by this development—whereby children, who are of an age at which it is more blessed to receive intellectually than to give, are treated as morally and intellectually developed agents—is hard to tell. The fact remains that liberal courts have compiled a body of legal precedent whereby students at both school and college level may express what they wish to express and hear what they wish to hear on any subject, *including religion*, so long as this entails neither a material threat of disruption nor a collision with the rights of others (*Tinker v. Des Moines Independent Community School District*, 1969). As for pedagogical freedom, in the case of *James v. Board of Education* (1973) the Court held that a teacher cannot in all or even most of his actions be properly regarded as an agent of the state, and that he is thereby free to express in the very act of his “profession” his personal beliefs and opinions.

So, in brief, the situation is this: When it comes to religious activity, liberal courts have delivered to the religious “minority” a weapon with which to fight the even more “liberal” establishment. Whitehead's message is that this weapon should not be disdained. □

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The real question today is not when human life begins, but, What is the value of human life? The abortionist who reassembles the arms and legs of a tiny baby to make sure all its

parts have been torn from its mother's body can hardly doubt whether it is a human being. The real question for him and for all of us is whether that tiny human life has a God-given right to be protected by the law—the same right we have.

The current issue also features articles by The Hon. Clare Boothe Luce and Malcolm Muggeridge, fine original essays by Joseph Sobran (on the Supreme Court) and Thomas Molnar (on science and religion), plus columns by Senator Jeremiah Denton, Wm. F. Buckley Jr., and George F. Will.

Also in the current issue are Ellen Wilson, Dr. Jerome LeJeune, James Hitchcock, Frank Zepezauer, Prof. Hadley Arkes, and Paul Cole Beach.

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Beethoven set down and wanted. Never does he try to be "original" or to impose his own personality on the music. Never does he fall prey to what T. S. Eliot ironically described: the pianist transmitting "through his hair and fingertips." Of the great artistry of his renditions, the best comment is in the words of Anton Schindler, after hearing Beethoven himself play one of the sonatas: "An enormous difference! So much more comes out in the inner parts which one could not hear before and often was blurred."

"Simplicity and clarity"—these are the standards that guide Badura-Skoda in these superlative recordings. By his playing, he confounds the myth, for example, that Opus 106, the *Hammerklavier* sonata, was in effect the piano score for what was to be recast as a symphony. Beethoven wrote piano music, not music for the piano, and some interpreters, by leaning on the pedal and indulging in overblown sonorities, betray his intent. There is no need to add complexities and adornments to these sonatas. "I should like to become simpler and simpler," Beethoven wrote in his notebooks, and he marked Opus 111, the last of the sonatas, "*molto semplice e cantabile*," as Badura-Skoda points out. The modern concert-hall piano, with its brilliance and resonance, adds "adornments" to the sonatas that the Graf piano and a great Beethoven interpreter have removed.

One of my first great musical experiences was listening to a Schnabel recording of Opus 111 in my undergraduate days. It cannot compare with

my experience in playing and replaying these beautiful, insightful, to-the-heart-and-mind records that Paul Badura-Skoda has given us. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE BEST OF PRAVDA, 1982

D. Keith Mano

WHAT I'M reviewing here, understand, is essentially a long homework assignment. Professor Edward F. Danowitz of Rollins College suggested that his class translate and explicate the *Pravda* political-cartoon output for 1982. You can't purchase this exercise (just 25 copies were photocopied and bound—one thousand at \$10 each might become available later). Danowitz will note in a preface that his students had "limited language experience." Indeed, their English is now and then not much more comprehensible than the original Russian. (I wish they wouldn't, all five, refer to Namibia as Nambia.) Still, *Pravda, 1982* has cobra fascination: it could send an oversensitive American to the house of constant shrieks.

Each *Pravda* cartoon is more illustrated slogan than playful conceit: for subtlety I'd prefer a fraternity paddle. And canine distemper is about as humorous. You are not meant to be amused. Most often *Pravda* artists represent the U.S. by an unimaginative cowboy image: faceless usually, small, conniving rather than dangerous. (Compare, for instance, Curtis's vicious, huge Russian bear in this magazine. Are we more afraid of them?) Now and again America is the Monopoly Chance Card man or a short goatee-wild Uncle Sam based, I'd guess, on Truman. American working folk stagger out of some WPA mural: they are totally unmodern—children play with stick horses, not Atari. Set design and background haven't been updated since maybe 1948. This gives your Soviet reader comfortable continuity: America will be the unchanging foe like Satan or cholesterol.

Moreover—this afro-combs my brain—through all of 1982 there wasn't one personal caricature. The knack we associate most with drawn political satire, from Nast on Tweed to Mac-

Nelly on Carter, just doesn't play in *Pravda*. You won't find Reagan exaggerated here (though Reaganomics has been given a swift inguinal kick). Nor Mrs. Thatcher (Britain is, simply, the lion), nor Begin, nor, for that matter, Andropov. I can advance three reasons. 1) Soviet people are relatively unfamiliar with the public face. Dan Rather and AP Wirephotos don't get to Kiev. Caricature, then, lacking the original, wouldn't have currency enough. 2) A Reagan or Mondale mock-up might suggest that American government changes. That it isn't the cowboy simplification. Democracy shouldn't have a human face or, worse, faces. 3) By adhering to accepted convention the cartoonist can protect himself from ideological error. Instead *Pravda* Herblocks anthropomorphize the American institution. CIA, Pentagon, Boeing, Rockwell are suited up. In Russia, anyhow, departments and committees have more personhood day to day than Andropov.

The *Pravda* cartoon is also therapeutic: it can externalize government malice or domestic unrest. Take, say, that rich one about CIA phone surveillance in American homes. Or another sketching out all the U.S. consumer distress caused by Pentagon expenditure. And they never let up on our production of chemical weapons. The paranoid, I think, fears first (and maybe wisely) some extension of his own aggressive self.

FROM THESE cartoon data, furthermore, you might pose a Freudian analysis: the Soviet leadership has foot-long penis envy. Of 238 drawings 214 or so depict at least one phallic U.S. missile (or missile-shaped gas canister, bullet, bomb). If *Pravda, 1982* can run any title up on the big, bulb-winking neon marquee it is an absolute and frenetic Soviet obsession with nuclear eminence—in Western Europe most of all. Our patient, doctor, has castration fear and should be considered dangerous.

I'll do some counting here. The 25 cartoons (accurate enough, I suppose) on U.S.-Israeli collusion didn't astound me. Eleven about American involvement in Latin America did seem a few short, ten about South Africa long by four or five. Reaganomic recession and unemployment got eye-gouged 46 times (and, oh, how they prefer donkey over elephant—Tip O'Neill



could probably distribute patronage in Omsk). Also, compared to your average American (who thought we were invading Spain—Grenada—last fall), Russian readers know a flabbermaking amount about the global military situation. More than I do, for sure. Were you aware that America has been fortifying the Comoro Islands (are we?) or that our air force got a new base at Misawa, Japan (zat so?). Diego García is referred to rather often and with bear-breath disgust. The Pentagon should use this simple allergy test: if it appears, disfigured, in a *Pravda* cartoon it must be working.

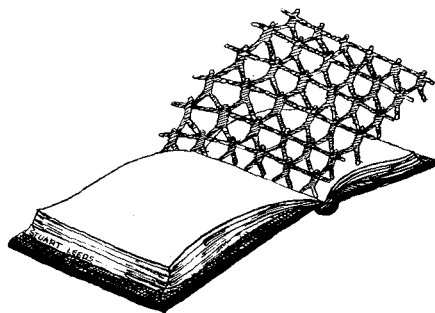
But, above all, I ask myself: What about the information that didn't have to appear? Why, for instance, will a *Pravda* artist refute charges of chemical warfare employed against Afghanistan? Or repression in Poland? What happened to Soviet censorship? Can the VOA and Radio Liberty be that efficient? America has been drawn in one dozen cartoons as this rabid, dangerous "Soviet threat" propagandist. It is a most flattering and (from the experts) respectful caricature.

We should be grateful to Prof Danowitz. Next year, though, *Pravda* cartoons deserve scholarly translation and analysis. They're a deep-water port for truth. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE NATURAL History of Alcoholism: Causes, Patterns, and Paths to Recovery, by George E. Vaillant (Harvard, 359 pp., \$25)

IS ALCOHOLISM a disease? Can alcoholics ever return to social drinking without losing control? Does Alcoholics Anonymous really work? The answers, according to Harvard's George E. Vaillant, are: Yes; once in a while; and surprisingly often. Just plain old common sense? Not at all. Indeed, Dr. Vaillant's answers signal a genuine revolution in the field of alcoholism research, for they derive from the Harvard Medical School's four-decade Study of Adult Development, a program that began monitoring the lives of 660 Boston-area men *before* any of them became alcoholics. A psychiatrist with ten years as co-director of the Cambridge Hospital Alcohol Program under his belt, Dr. Vaillant has combined clinical experience with an unprecedented amount of empirical data to produce what may ultimately come to be viewed as the single most important contribution to the literature of alcoholism



since the first edition of AA's Big Book. Though *The Natural History of Alcoholism* is written for professionals, its substance can easily be grasped by any intelligent layman willing to chop through an occasional thicket of psycho-statistical jargon. Very highly recommended.

TERRY TEACHOUT

WHOSE LITTLE BOY Are You?, by Heywood Hale Broun (St. Martin's/Marek, 224 pp., \$14.95)

HEYWOOD HALE BROUN, one of the few entirely respectable network television personalities, here tells his own version of growing up. As the only child of famed newspaper columnist Heywood Broun and ardent feminist Ruth Hale, he had, understandably, a difficult time of it. As if it wasn't enough to have to figure out what the Algonquin Round Table was all about, Woodie had to grow up under "progressive" parents. This meant, among other things, calling them both by their first names, promoting socialism, and coping with freedom from most discipline and all religious instruction. Broun's parents were both "moderns" trying to right the world's wrongs, and both were rather shy when it came to their son. "In fact, of course, shyness is just the inability to be open and spontaneous and is frequently merely a nice word for cold," writes Woodie. He searched for reassurance and affection and was invariably denied both. What this eventually led to was four years of psychoanalysis and this book. Broun comes to

terms with his parents and himself—albeit by way of such lines as "So repressed was I, indeed, that I passed through the years of adolescent rebellion with no more than a little additional withdrawal." *Whose Little Boy Are You?* (which young Woodie answered with "You know goddamn well whose little boy I am!") is a painfully intimate memoir, and one that tells more about the Brouns and the rest of the Algonquians than most of the books and articles on the subject. Broun, the author of the stylistically richer *A Studied Madness* (1965), about acting, and *A Tumultuous Merriment* (1979), about sports, should write more books.

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ST. JEANE OF THE UN-I

NEW YORK, DEC. 30

SEVERAL TIMES in the past few years Jeane Kirkpatrick has let it be known that in due course she would be leaving the United Nations, and most generally this has been taken to mean that she would do so at the close of this session of the General Assembly, which event will happen in a few days. It is expected that she will be offered another post by President Reagan. It is not known whether she will accept another post. The guessing is that she would—if the offer were substantial. The guessing is almost certainly correct that she wouldn't if she had any reason to suppose that the offer was merely that of a fancy title and nothing much to do. There will be time to focus on her future, but the time is now to evaluate her behavior and her mind, and the strengths she has brought to her position as ambassador to the UN.

The magazine *Encounter*, the sturdy British highbrow monthly that is the King Solomon's mine of anti-Communist analysis, ran in November an extended "conversation" with Mrs. Kirkpatrick, by George Urban. It is a convenient overview of our ambassador's distinctive manner of thinking, which accounts for her impact on the United Nations and, indeed, on her larger constituency, the diplomatic establishment of the Soviet-American world.

To begin with, Mrs. Kirkpatrick does not like loose language. She is the kind of person who, if she told you that she had called you on the telephone "literally ten times," would actually mean that she had telephoned you ten times. She begins by telling the interviewer that the word "peace" will not do to describe the relations between the Soviet Union and the United States, but that, on the other hand, neither will the word "war." "We are certainly not 'at peace' with the Soviet Union, because the Russians are engaged . . . in a conscious policy of international expansion. This can take political or economic forms—both usually preceded and accompanied by ideological aggression."

That term, she tells us, she needs to stress. Why? Because the cliché is that our differences with the Soviet Union ought to

be settled by "competition." "This is most misleading. I very much doubt whether 'competition,' when it is conducted by foul means as well as fair ones, covert methods as well as overt ones, lies as well as truth, is competition in the sort of sense in which John Stuart Mill understood it to be in a liberal parliamentary society. 'Ideological aggression' is, therefore, the correct label."

This is important, she feels, because the failure to understand the distinction leaves us powerless to understand Soviet behavior. For instance? Most recently, Soviet behavior when the Russians knocked down the South Korean airliner. "We are reminded once again that the Soviet Union is a state based on the twin principles of callousness and mendacity, dedicated to the role of force, and governed by the idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat, which in 1920 Lenin defined in these words: 'The scientific concept of "dictatorship" means nothing more than unrestricted power, absolutely unimpeded by law or regulations and resting directly on force.'"

For old-timers who have known since early childhood what Lenin said, this may be yawn time. But the questioner (George Urban is brilliant at this kind of thing) pressed always for relevance. "Why and how has a sector of our media managed to attach a certain stigma to [the term] 'cold war'?"—that being the term Mrs. Kirkpatrick adopts as correctly designating U.S.-Soviet relations. "How, indeed, has it succeeded in corrupting a considerable part of our daily usage, misusing words like 'peace,' 'decency,' 'concern,' 'compassion,' etc., and rendering them virtually unusable for meaningful discourse?"

Mrs. Kirkpatrick answers that "We have been manipulated into feeling that it is warlike behavior on *our* part to register the

fact that [the Soviets] are waging a full-scale ideological combat against us. Also, in the U.S., where intellectual categories are the objects of fashion, it became terribly unfashionable to call the cold war 'cold war.'" Mrs. Kirkpatrick goes on to attempt to communicate what it is that immobilizes the United States, the hold on us of false categories. She tells us about the influence of words on the American establishment. And for this explanation alone she should be celebrated. Stay tuned. □

ST. JEANE OF THE UN-II

NEW YORK, JAN. 2

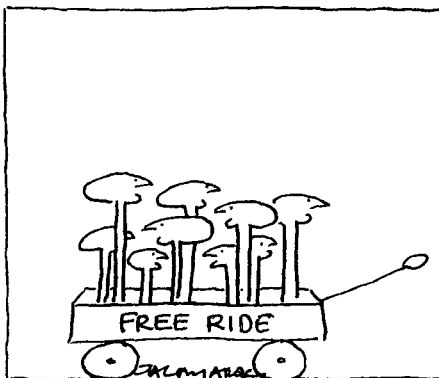
JEANE KIRKPATRICK wrote, a few years ago: "What wealth is to a capitalist, what organization is to the old-style political boss, what manpower is to the trade unionist, words are to the new class." By "the new class" she meant the people who run the media, and who, at levels as disparate as university faculties and radio deejays, tend to set the public mood.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick, in the *Encounter* interview, confesses that possibly her primary frustration, as a woman trained in the academy, is the repeated failure of the wordmen by whom she is surrounded to inquire into the empirical results of their preconceived ideas. She gives two examples, one of them from recent history, one of them from current history. Consider Pol Pot.

"A good many of the symbol-specialists in the U.S. and Western Europe [believed] that the apple-cheeked guerrillas following Pol Pot, with their pretty moralistic statements of intention, would offer a better deal to the people of Cambodia than they received under Lon Nol's more or less conventional military dictatorship."

She can understand their believing this at the outset. "What I cannot understand is the absence of any genuine anguish, of any soul-searching, mind-searching, and history-searching, when these people became aware that two to three million Cambodians were slaughtered or starved to death by Pol Pot's men."

So it has gone in this, the bloodiest century. Jean-Paul Sartre, Mrs. Kirkpatrick reminds us, the dominant intellectual figure in postwar France, declared, in a famous



article in 1952, that loyalty to the Soviet Union and to the Stalinist French Communist Party was the first priority of "moral man." Until the day he died, Sartre was thought by many to be a political sage. Why do we not learn?

"When Marxists tell us that the people of Nicaragua will be freer and better off after the victory of the Sandinistas, it is perfectly possible to go and see what in fact has happened in Nicaragua after the Sandinistas came to power, and to determine whether the labor unions or the press or the Church are more or less free, or economically better or worse off, than they were before."

Is it that easy? Precisely the point is that it is not, because ideological predispositions get in our way. That is why more space was devoted to our "criminal" venture in South Vietnam (Jimmy Carter's words) than to the crimes of the men who conquered South Vietnam. It is so with Nicaragua. "Marxists [and many non-Marxist intellectuals] are not interested in [post-mortems]. They uphold a holistic vision. The content of this vision is materialistic and empirical, but its operative quality is its apocalyptic end result: the demise of the sinful bourgeois order and the arrival of the New Jerusalem. It is this final vision that matters, and that is held with the tenacity of religion and paid for with all the sacrifices which the bloodiest of ancient religions have exacted . . ."

Mrs. Kirkpatrick believes that détente foundered on two mistaken projections. The first was that "Russian insecurity" would end if we permitted the Russians to achieve first nuclear parity, then superiority in arms. The second was that "the multiplication of economic ties" between East and West would demonstrate the advantage of conventional ties between two great powers. We know that neither of the two happened: The Soviet Union's power increased, but so did its aggressiveness. Trade increased; so did Soviet hostility.

Mrs. Kirkpatrick will in the next few weeks decide whether to stay with the Administration elected in 1980. That election, says Mrs. Kirkpatrick, a registered Democrat, was historically important. She viewed it as a corporate act of the American will: to survive, by making the necessary economic sacrifices to effect rehabilitation, renewal, and rearmament. There are those who believe that much hangs on whether she agrees to continue as an important part of that Administration.

The point here is that Mr. Reagan needs a counterpart who knows the language of the academy. His insights are crystal clear. When he speaks of the special characteristics of the Soviet state he says exactly about the Soviet state that which is true. But truthfulness isn't the currency of international exchange. No one notices when the Kremlin lies about the U.S., that is

the routine thing. When we say the truth about the Soviet Union the tendency is to suggest that we have disturbed the peace.

Profound battles need to be waged to explicate the usefulness of candor in diplomatic talk. There is a robust brotherhood engaged in making the effort to seek out the special trenchancy that attaches to telling the truth. They need representatives within the Administration. We need Jeane Kirkpatrick. □

SQUARING OFF ON JESSE

NEW YORK, JAN. 4

READING ALONG a page of this-and-that about political Washington in the *New York Times* you run into an account of the activities of F. Clifton White, the whiz political manager who contrived the nomination of Barry Goldwater back in 1964. He talks about some of the problems Mr. Reagan faces in running for re-election—to be sure, only after assuring the interviewer that Reagan will definitely be re-elected—and then comes this bombshell, dropped almost casually. "For the first time in the history of the Republic," said Mr. White amiably (Mr. White says everything amiably), "we may be looking at a generation less educated than their parents."

That is a startling assertion. The figures for college enrollment have continued to climb, only just now having reached a peak. The percentage of the population over 18 that has gone to college is certainly higher than it was a generation ago. What is it that Mr. White is saying?

Same day, an interview with Jesse Jackson in *U.S.A. Today*. It is headed, "Aristocrats Must Make Room for Democrats." Mr. Jackson is asked why he seeks the nomination, and he answers that "we"—already he has developed the habit of pluralizing himself—"found this widespread dissatisfaction among members of the 'rainbow'—women, Hispanics, blacks, Asians, young people, handicapped people, peace activists, environmentalists. We determined that the way to institutionalize the concerns of the rejected people was to forge an alliance."

The planted axiom here is that neither the Republican Party of Ronald Reagan nor the Democratic Party of Walter Mondale et al. looks after the "interests" of this aggregation of people. Notwithstanding that more women than men now go to college, that Hispanics get to go to school and receive welfare payments even if they are here illegally, that blacks have been fully liberated under the law and are in some instances receiving preferred treatment, that Asians have been welcomed in huge numbers since the ravaging of Vietnam, that

young people are receiving far more help than their parents from the Federal Government, that handicapped people are singled out for special consideration, as Baby Jane Doe would attest if she could attest to anything, that peace activists have the run of the Mall in Washington, and that environmentalists recently chased James Watt out of office. Some victims.

It is the contention of Jesse Jackson that within the Democratic Party "the minority continue to lock the majority out. The majority of the membership is now female, Hispanic, black, Asian, and poor. The majority of the leadership is essentially white and male and professional. So the aristocrats must make room for the democrats."

The tendency, in dealing with Jesse Jackson, is very subtly to condescend to him. Because he is black. Jackson is a complicated man with a strain of intelligence he tends to put primarily to polemical and demagogic use. His ear for the language of the crowd is superb. His ear for the language itself is atrocious—anyone who would speak of marching "from the out-house to the White House" does not understand the C-major scale of English. Jackson's hold on logic is flagrantly insecure. Asked about the Grenadian invasion he answered that "the locking out of the press" meant "press controlled by government . . . not press at all. It's strictly propaganda," never mind that after the fourth day there was no government supervision of the press.

All of this is blather, and the beginning of respect for black spokesmen is to treat their blather as you would if it had come from the mouths of white spokesmen. The reason white males exercise dominant power within the Democratic Party, as they do within the Republican Party, is that they are freed of several critical obligations of white women that have to do with child-bearing and child-rearing. The reason they are otherwise dominant, in the legislatures, in business, in the professions, is that they have worked to achieve their positions. If the members of Congress or the lawyers on Wall Street or the faculty of Harvard had sat around waiting for somebody to vote for in order to achieve advancement, they would now be political flunkies, runners, and petty bureaucrats.

Long ago the essayist Albert Jay Nock warned against "substituting political for economic means of self-enhancement." If indeed the generation that will vote in 1984 is less well-educated, less well-informed, than the senior generation, we have then the crowning indictment of a hectic era of political activity aimed at helping those who need advancement. Jesse Jackson emerges as chief of an army of lemmings, headed out to sea. And Mr. Mondale is not far behind. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

Second Matthew: Re The Innocents

Once Herod realized that he had been deceived by the astrologers, he became furious. He ordered the massacre of all the boys two years old and under in Bethlehem and its environs, making his calculations on the basis of the date he had learned from the astrologers. [New American Bible, Matthew 2:16.]

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MOLNAR

(Continued from page 40)

ply not comparable to a Stalin, a Mao, a Pol Pot. The French bishops confronted the situation as it is—not as the utopians wish it were—acknowledging the diabolical nature of “the eventual enemy.” “We are,” wrote Monsignor Jullien, “at an edge of an abyss, in a position of extreme distress, since we are offered the choice between annihilation and slavery, between Finlandization and the Gulag.” (*Le Monde* found this statement “an embarrassment.”)

The French episcopal document is not a declaration of war; its purpose is to deter the Soviets from initiating such a war. It understands the desperate yearning for peace that is sweeping Europe. But it also states the bishops' opposition to “excessive pacifism” (*pacifisme à outrance*), and stresses the duty of political leaders and military men to resist strategic blackmail.

While early reports had indicated the French bishops would be tougher than their American colleagues on the morality of nuclear deterrence, the actual document was even stronger than expected and has undoubtedly damaged the pacifist movement in France, where it has never been very strong. Although *Témoignage Chrétien*, a leftist French Catholic daily, blazoned its front page with “Yes to Hope, No to the Bishops' Text!” that text was cause for rejoicing in the Elysée Palace. It has strengthened President Mitterrand's hand in his dealing with his Communist ministers, in his modernization of the *force de frappe*, and in his support for the installation of the Pershing and cruise missiles. In so doing, it has strengthened the West. □

RICKENBACKER

(Continued from page 42)

ism. I toss in a subjunctive here and there. Sorta makes the stacking go swifter. And that ain't a subjunctive.

Not in the stack, but in some special hiding place, you save the glittering and aromatic miracles, your apple, your cherry, your Roman-candle birch, your splendid cedar. Exactly how to place them on the fire, and when, is properly the discourse of Step Seven; suffice to say, here, that you must treasure them up, and know how to get at them when you want them.

We burn about four cords a year, much of it in the cast-iron stove that provides the only heat in my office, the rest for pleasure and coziness in the den, or for major celebrations in the salon and dining room, or sometimes for comfort in the little fireplaces in the bedrooms when one or another must rest for a day. We have eight fireplaces to feed. In the early days your average farmer burned twenty cords to keep warm; and the minister, and other wealthy folk, burned forty. The first villages were set in Indian clearings and so were far from the woodlot; Plymouth men went an eighth of a mile to collect their cords of wood. It was a wintertime chore then as now; with ox carts hauling inland, and small craft hauling wood along the shore. In 1726, year of great snow, hundreds of sledges daily slid into Boston loaded with cordwood; normally Boston warmed itself with wood shipped down the coast from New Hampshire.

In 1630, when the Great Wave of immigrants was arriving, Old England was already much cut over: 15 English counties were by then almost completely deforested. The Colonists here were sensitive to the problem from the beginning, and all the early towns in the Bay had ordinances governing the cutting of trees. Nevertheless, what was done on private lands (rather than the commons) wasn't controlled, and by 1800 we were using peat dug up here in Essex County. In 1812 the British throttled our coastal shipping so severely that Boston could get no wood from New Hampshire; so our Essex farmers sold peat to Boston at exorbitant prices. Peat was dug on Bishop Sherrill's place, next door to mine, well into the twentieth century. I share that bog. We may get back to peat if the gypsy moth has its way.

Helen, a neighbor, stopped in to buy some eggs whilst I was stacking, and noticed the care I was giving to the job. I muttered something about its being a lot of work, for one doesn't wear one's heart on one's sleeve in this neck of the woods, but she transcended me: “Oh, it's rather a nice job, I think. The pieces are small, there's no heavy lifting by now, you can take it at your own speed, and it looks so good when it's done well.”

This being a civil little village, I always let the ladies have the last word. □

Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

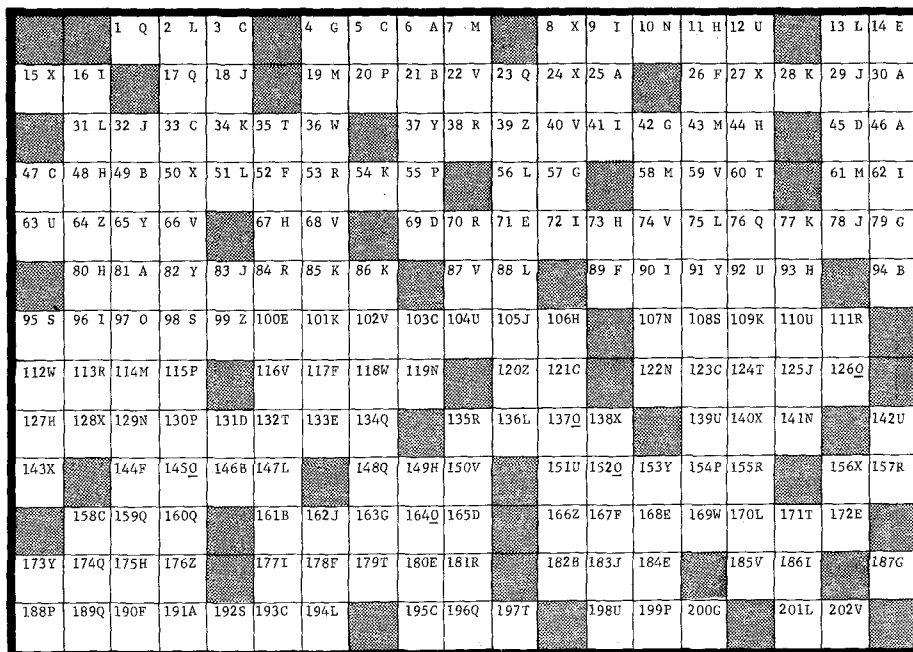
- A. An organized or established procedure
6 46 30 191 81 25
- B. Player and position of lead-off man in every game for Washington, 1925 World Series (2 words)
21 94 182 49 146 161
- C. Capital city of a Pacific state
33 5 47 103 123 195 3 193 158 121
- D. Sighted
45 69 165 131
- E. Capital city of a Western state
71 14 168 100 172 133 184 180
- F. Capital city of a New England state
117 26 52 190 144 178 167 89
- G. Capital city of a Midwestern state
163 187 200 4 42 57 79
- H. The day Calvin Coolidge became President (2 words)
175 11 44 73 80 93 127 149 67 48
106
- I. A large city in Texas (2 words)
62 72 90 96 177 186 9 16 41
- J. What Thomas Jefferson bought in 1803
105 32 29 83 18 125 162 78 183
- K. One of our national parks
86 28 34 54 109 77 85 101
- L. Where is this verse found (King James)? "Shall I not in that day," saith the Lord, "even destroy the wise men out of Edom, and understanding out of the mount of Esau?" (2 words)
88 31 51 201 56 75 136 147 170 194
2 13

- M. An English mathematician (1642-1727)
114 7 19 58 61 43
- N. An Australian marsupial (sounds like fighting Amazons!)
107 10 119 122 129 141
- O. The largest bodies of water
97 126 137 145 152 164
- P. Capital city of a Midwestern state
154 199 115 130 55 20 188
- Q. The number of piano keys
160 17 134 159 148 189 196 23 76 174
1
- R. Abram's age, Genesis 17:1
181 38 70 84 135 155 157 53 111 113
- S. When the fourth U.S. census was taken
192 95 98 108
- T. The Greek goddess of retributive justice
197 35 179 60 124 132 171
- U. COP OFF TEE (anagram)
198 104 63 92 110 151 12 139 142
- V. Combined so as to achieve a maximum effect
202 22 40 59 66 68 87 74 102 116
150 185
- W. Jumble
169 118 36 112
- X. Capital city of a Southern state (2 words)
27 15 50 156 138 128 143 140 8 24
- Y. Acknowledge
91 65 82 153 37 173
- Z. Seat of Cedar County, Iowa
120 64 166 176 99 39

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acoustic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 64 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



Understanding is everything.

In a spontaneous gesture of trust, a chimpanzee in the wilds of Tanzania folds his leathery hand around that of Jane Goodall — sufficient reward for Dr. Goodall's years of patience.

The moment occurred in one of the National Geographic Specials, a series underwritten throughout its nine consecutive years on public television by the Gulf Oil Corporation.

In a sense, it symbolizes what the whole series is about.

Dr. Goodall's quiet triumph grew slowly over years of studying the chimpanzee: from curiosity, to observation and learning, to understanding.

Gulf underwrites the National Geographic Specials in the belief that the same sequence can occur within the vast PBS audience. Our goal is to provoke curiosity about the world and the fragile complexity of its natural order; to satisfy that curiosity through observation and learning; to create an understanding of man's place in the ecological structure, and his responsibility to it — on the simple theory that no thinking person can share in the destruction of anything whose value he understands.

It's an ambitious goal, but we have embraced that challenge. Since 1975, when we helped bring the National Geographic Specials to PBS, the series has become one of the most watched in public-television history. It has earned eight Emmy awards, an Oscar nomination, and the coveted George Foster Peabody Award for "unsurpassed excellence in documentaries."

Association with the National Geographic Society and the television specials is only one aspect of Gulf's lively concern for the environment. But it is an especially proud one.



Gulf Oil Corporation

Show her she's the reason
it's never been lonely at the top.



Your jeweler can show you many extraordinary diamond solitaires of a carat or more. The ring shown features a 1.67 carat brilliant cut diamond.



A carat or more—one in a million.

Every diamond is rare.
But of all diamonds found, a solitaire of
a carat or more is only one in a million.

And, like love, becomes more precious
with time.

A miracle among miracles.
Born from the earth. Reborn on a woman.

The extraordinary diamond
of a carat or more.

Show the world you couldn't have made
it without her.

A diamond is forever. De Beers